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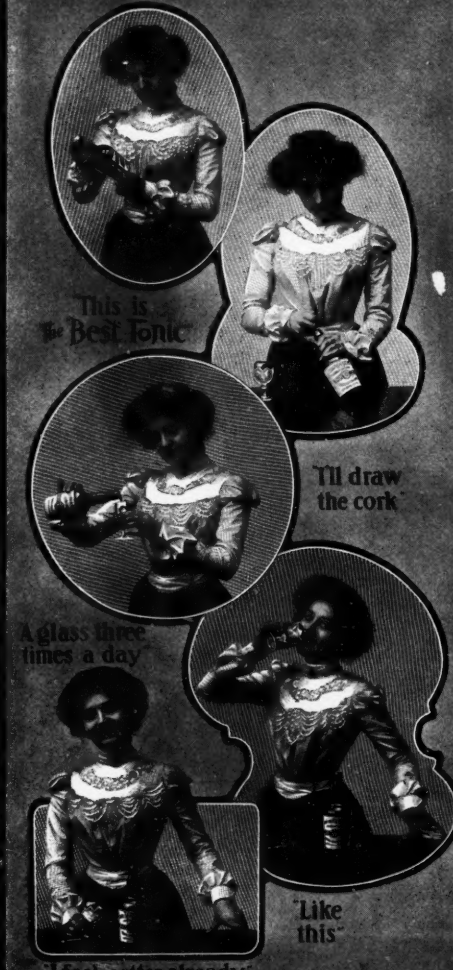
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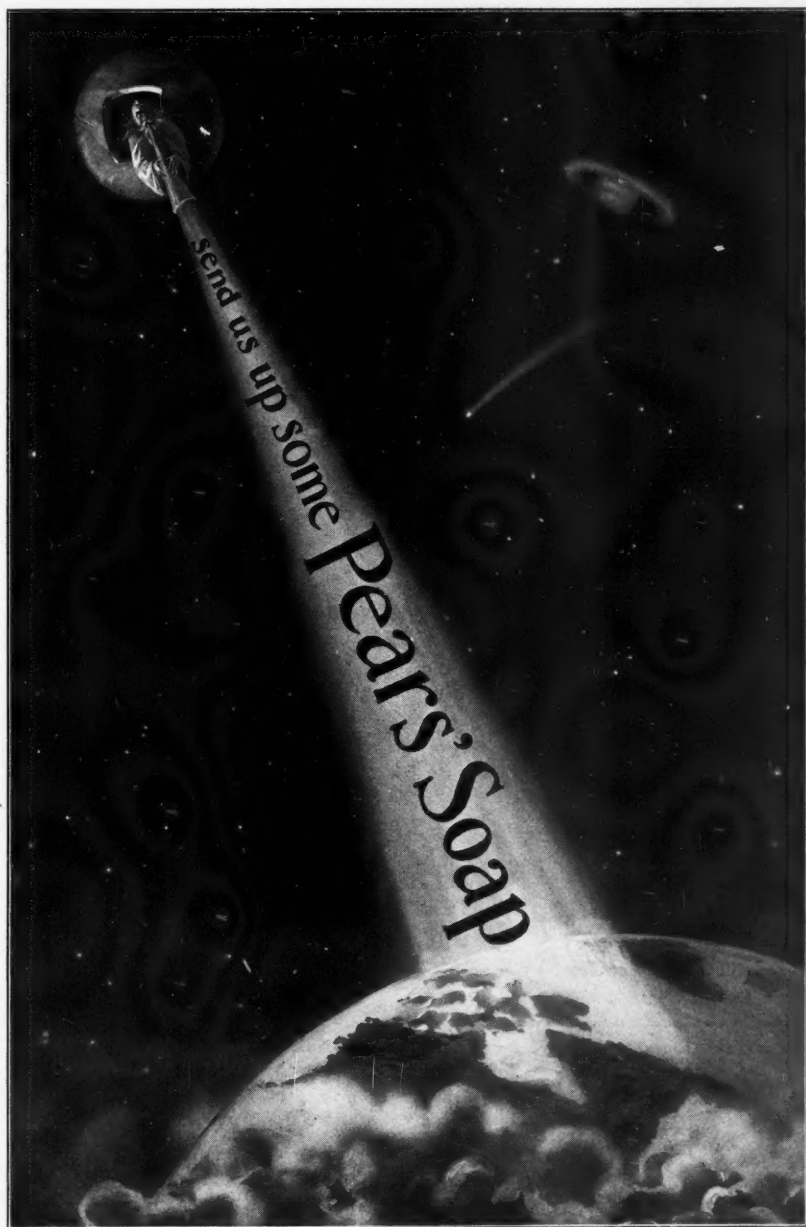


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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV.

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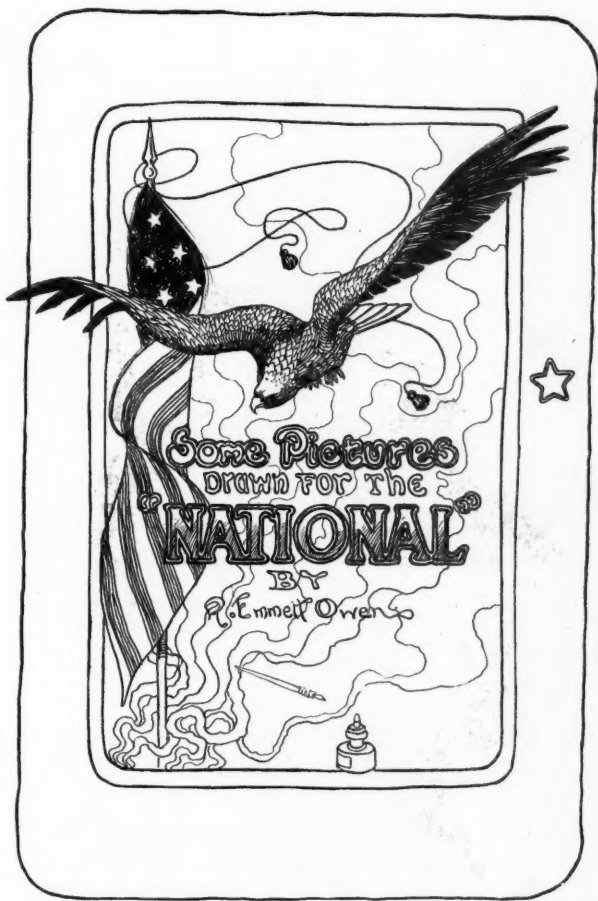
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"WASH DAY"



"GOOD LUCK"



"THE SMOKER"

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1901

No. 2



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE activity at the old tavern when the coach and four were ready to depart was suggested recently at the White House. The most absorbing "affair" of the month at the national capital was the preparation for "the President's trip." A stream of visitors continued unabated up to the last moment, and stood at the doorway till the carriage hurried away to the special train. When the average American is given enough time to contemplate preparations for a trip, it is marvelous what a myriad of details will spring up demanding attention before departure.

There was a large delegation of senators and congressmen who remained weeks after Congress had adjourned to have a quiet hour with the President about a "few small matters." The fewer army appointments there were left over, the greater the pressure. And the countless little things that the President had to look after before leaving were equal to the responsibility of having the doors locked, the trunk key safely stowed away and the trunk checked. The time for the departure of the special train was precisely set—and clocks could not be turned back in the closing moments, as

in a session of Congress, for railroads are run by clocks which always move forward—never backward. The smallest detail of the trip had been planned by Secretary Cortelyou, figured out with the accuracy of logarithms as to the time of arrival and departure of trains, for who knows but what some future president may plan a trip to Mars. General Miles is already taking astronomical observations as to the prospects. The time will not vary many seconds during the six weeks from that laid down by the secretary. Delegations poured in to press claims for the presidential party to visit particular sections and towns; the town boomer was on hand with an array of statistics and advantages and the salubrious climates were portrayed with the breezy congressional eloquence of Private John Allen in rendering his famous Fish Hatchery speech. Maps and folders were offered as exhibits. Invitations embellished by distinguished names were brought forth to engross the attention of the President. And there was the inevitable spirit of American self-reliance when the smaller cities were heard from. In fact, I am inclined to think that the President was, personally, more inter-

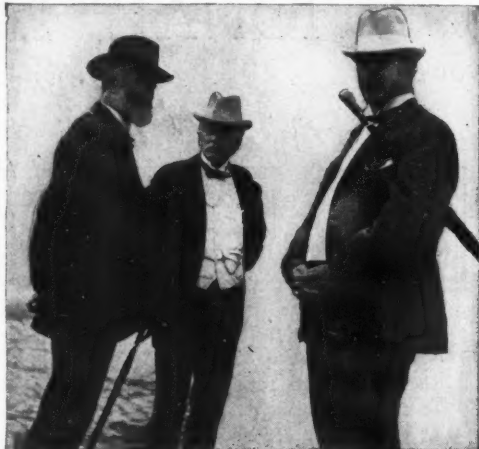
ested in the smaller cities outside of the wheels—on the wings of Mercury, as routine of travel, than in the larger it were—with a purpose that not a centers, where a presidential visit is not so much a novelty.

Well, the itinerary was finally accomplished and the President put on his glasses and gave it a last glance together with an eye on the ruddy hued railroad folder, which shows miles across the states as straight as a rule could make them where "distance lends enchantment" and a hundred miles are as one inch. Soon after the last visitor had retired, the President and Mrs. McKinley appeared as smiling and happy as a bride and groom off for a honeymoon. The dignified secretaries would bubble forth occasionally with the exuberance of their expectation of a jolly good time well loaded with speeches and statistics. When Washington was left behind, the Federal government departed on

working day is to be missed—so they say—but I'll venture that the party will find the real working hours of traveling very exacting. The tour has the advantage of being without political significance. The people of the United States know how to honor themselves in honoring a man who holds the office of chief executive. The President is "paying his respects" to the people.

The tours made by previous presidents have marked the chapters in history, almost as distinctly as the pages are partitioned off in school history chapters. The boundary line between "the lesson to-day and the lesson to-morrow" at school, is defined by presidential tours, which after all sum up and epitomize a quatrain of years in American history.

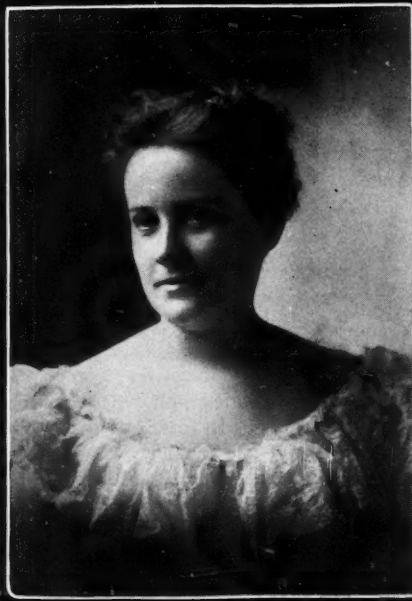
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MISS ESTELLE HERRON

Before and since Andrew Johnson's famous "swinging around the circle," the presidential trip has been a well-established custom. President Washington inaugurated the original presidential tour. In his diary he states that he "Had conversation with Colonel Hamilton on the propriety of making a tour eastward to acquire knowledge of the temper of the inhabitants toward the government, who thought it a good thing and advised accordingly." The presidential party, embracing the President, Secretary Tobias Lear, and five servants left New York on October 15 for their thirty days' tour of 700 miles. Washington had no "palace car"—he was a splendid horseman—and like the others of the party covered the entire distance on horseback. All were well mounted, and the imposing cavalcade greatly impressed the good people of New England.

MILTON E. AILES, RECENTLY APPOINTED ASSISTANT SECRETARY, TREASURY DEPARTMENT



The travelers literally foraged as they passed through the country, from

town to town, stopping at the local taverns—refusing all offers of private hospitality. Washington occasionally made a brief speech "en route" to the

Governor Odell of New York is keeping a close eye on the White House and indulges in a "dry smoke."



numerous delegations along the highways, but the cares of state were largely forgotten in this peaceful progress through a pastoral region of farmers and farming people. There were no telegraph wires to enable him to keep in touch with the Capitol, and neither Cuba nor China nor the Philippine Islands were the subject of American diplomacy or the field of warlike operations.

It was during this tour and in Boston that Governor Hancock raised the question of precedence between the

President of the United States and governor of a state. Hancock refused to visit Washington at first, who firmly and diplomatically met the issue and gave Governor Hancock's gout "absent treatment" so successfully that it settled for all time the supremacy of federal government.

Only once did the presidential party receive anything like a rebuff, and

MISS MARTHA HICHBORN, WHO IS TO MARRY JAMES G. BLAINE, JR.



then it was a plain case of mistaken identity. Night overtook Washington and his companions during their return to New York at a lowly country inn in the town of Uxbridge, Mass. To the surprise of the President, its hospitality was refused. The landlady, an ardent anti-Baptist, (an active sect in Massachusetts at the time)

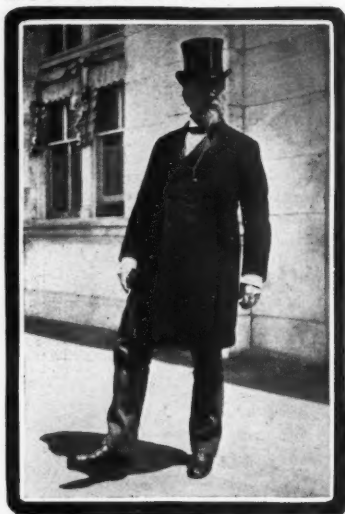
MISS MAUD DE HAVEN OGAN



MISS MILES



Senator Scott of West Virginia would like to know "Who in the Devil said so?"



thought her visitor was the "president of the Baptist college at Providence," and she insisted that she could not conscientiously entertain such a man. If she had known it was General Washington who was knocking at her door, he could have had the whole house. The President, referring to the incident in his diary, said: "The owner of the house was away, and the lady being sick we could not gain admittance, which was the reason of my coming to Taft's." Taft's was in the same town, the home of the twenty-two little Tafts of assorted sizes, and as Washington grasped the hands of the numerous members of the New England family, he must have had renewed faith in the future of this great and growing country.

Two of the little "Tafts," Polly and Patty, made an impression on the distinguished visitor, from whom Samuel Taft,

the father, soon received the following stately letter:

"Sir: Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being moreover pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Polly and Patty, I do for these reasons, send each of the girls a piece of chintz. And to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited upon me more than Polly, I do send five guineas, with which she may buy for herself some ornament which she may want."

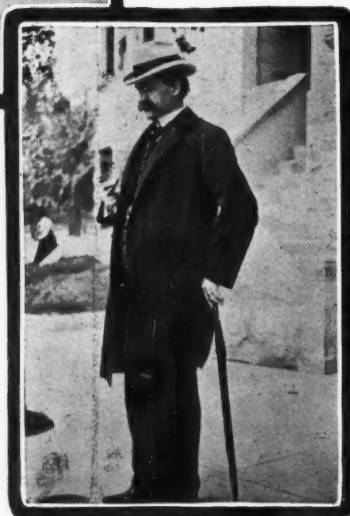
Representative "Bob" Cousins of Iowa is a handsome young bachelor, and he knows it too. It is said "Bob" can appreciate feminine grace with both eyes closed



And wasn't Patty happy, though! Every one of her stalwart sons carried the name of Washington, either in front or in the middle.

It is not the least of many interesting phases of Washington experience, to note the deal-

Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota reflecting on the days when he received pumpkins and potatoes to pay for subscriptions to his newspaper



ings of those who have "been in to see the President" with reporters, and inquisitive acquaintances, whom they do not care to offend, and don't care to tell all the truth. How some "spar for wind" like an over-matched pugilist; how others resort to subterfuge, persiflage and satirical banter; and how others again assume an air of provoking mystery and the sternest brevity, certainly offer interesting studies in practical psychology. Still there are many reporters and men of affairs who are wonderful adepts in this kind of "mind reading."

One journalist who is an expert at this sort of thing, walked a couple of squares with a member of the cabinet, trying to elicit an expression of opinion on a certain matter of moment. The secretary's lips were

MRS. GRIGGS, WIFE OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL GRIGGS



MISS ROSEMARIE SARTORI, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF GENERAL GRANT



MISS MARCIA MAC LELLAN, A COUSIN OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL



as firmly closed as the shells of a Hingham quahaug at low water, so far as the desired "last word" was concerned, or even a hint of the situation. He was not so completely self-contained, however, that his actions and manner were inscrutable. The reporter hazarded a guess founded on his impressions, and wired the result to his paper. The next day the secretary met him and said:

"How did you get that information, Mr.—"

"From you sir," said the reporter, smiling.

"From me, sir," said the secretary. "I never said a word."

"That is so," replied the correspondent "but you acted it."

"Well, you were wrong in some things, anyhow. Still I think I'll have to take a course of congressional poker-playing, until I can disguise my thoughts."

"Such people are the easiest of all to read."

"And how do you do it?"

"Why, you read their hands by reversing their expression. The man who seems to bet on an ace-full probably holds a bob-tail flush, and the disconsolate surveyor of a probable bob-tail flush, is likely laying for you with the ace-full, and there you are. There is always some way to figure it out."

* * *

This well explains why so many public men utterly refuse to be interviewed when great matters are at issue, and it is desired to keep all information from the public. Still the eagle-eyed and resourceful reporter will scent information through brick walls and closed doors. There is something in the very

She insists that Washington is dull in summer



GENERAL MILES ON HIS WAR STEED OF TO-DAY



atmosphere of the several departments and central resorts of Washington which gives a clew, nay, whole columns at times, to the reportorial Sherlock Holmes. And if they told all they knew—well that's another phase of the question.

* * *

Within the past month certain personal friends of the late Benjamin Harrison, in Washington, were discussing the propriety of erecting, by popular subscription, a monument to the ex-president. The chief question was, "Who shall start the fund?" In the party were General John W. Foster, secretary of state under General Harrison, and Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, former secretary of war.

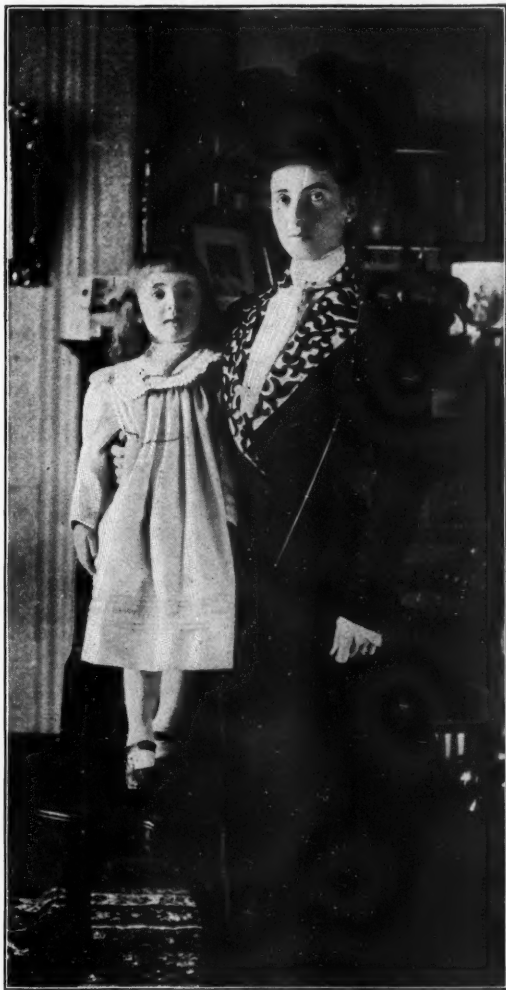
Suddenly General Foster remarked: "I know the man. I'll telegraph Senator Fairbanks." The result was

the announcement the following morning that the popular subscription for a monument to General Harrison at Indianapolis had been opened, headed by a subscription of \$1,000 by Senator Fairbanks.

It is one of the secrets of Indiana politics that ex-President Harrison and Senator Fairbanks had become the closest political friends. Students of politics recall a time in the history of Indiana when this was not true. In the preliminary campaign of 1888 for the Republican presidential nomination, Charles W. Fairbanks, then a leading attorney at Indianapolis, espoused the cause of Judge W. Q. Gresham, also a son of Indiana. This attitude of Mr. Fairbanks was not due to any personal antagonism to General Harrison, but was based entirely upon his great admiration for Judge Gresham, between whom and Mr. Fairbanks a life-long friendship had existed. Gresham had been the federal judge at Indianapolis and Mr. Fairbanks was a leading attorney in the court. Mr. Fairbanks fought heroically to bring about Gresham's nomination in 1888, but failing, returned to Indiana and entered with unusual energy into the campaign for General Harrison. One of the very last visitors at General Harrison's home just before his final illness was Senator Fairbanks. They conferred for an

hour on public questions, and neither in the conversation nor in the manner of either man was there the faintest

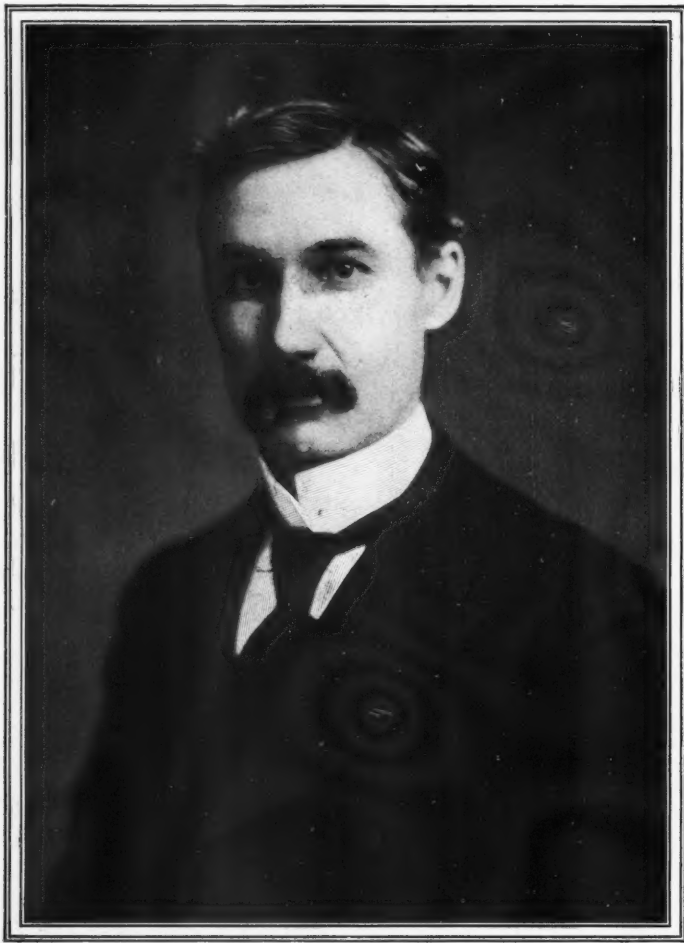
COUNTESS QUADT AND CHILD



suggestion of a former political rivalry. And so politicians regard it as a significant incident that Senator Fairbanks should have been specially selected by General Harrison's friends as the man to head the monument fund.

There will be a very exodus of Congressmen to those new perplexities in governmental affairs, Cuba, Porto Rico

tion for a congressional commission, raised his hat to cool his well-shaped head, and said: "We are going just



Geo E Roberts

DIRECTOR OF THE MINT

and the Philippines, during the coming summer. Congressman Cooper, walking down from the Capitol, after the defeat of his pet measure, an appropri-

the same. How can you expect members of Congress to serve on the Insular Committees and vote understandingly upon these questions without a

most intimate personal knowledge of the situations and conditions? I am going to spend all my time until Congress meets in December in getting at the facts."

Hull of the House Military Committee is also among the number who are disposed to "see for themselves."

White House Grounds, "where sweet water lilies lie within the pool"



gress meets in December in getting at the facts."

Representative Cooper is chairman of the House Insular Committee and stated that over fifty members of Congress will visit the Philippines before the next session. Chairman J. A. T.

The capture of Aguinaldo has cleared the situation somewhat, and a congressman thus expressed himself, with a thump of his cane:

"You will see the time, if you live many years more, when the people of the United States will thank our na-

Egg-Rolling on the White House Lawn "and children's voices reigned supreme"



tional lucky stars that we had the Philippines left on our hands, despite all the trouble and expense they have been to us."

The capture to Aguinaldo and his

MISS COCKRELL IN COSTUME WORN AT THE HILL BALL



signature to the oath of allegiance is the beginning of the dawn in the solution of our "Eastern question." The next Congress will take some pretty decided and comprehensive steps, because there will be so many members

present who know the facts at first hand, that there will be no timidity in passing far-reaching measures.

* * *

The other day in Washington I picked up a stray leaf from a note book, and one could almost describe the owner from the neatly inscribed lines. Each day of the month of February was carefully checked off, 1, "Armory;" 2, Dinner at —; 3, "Tea at—;" 4, Chevy Chase; 5, "Theatre;"—; 7, "Chase," and so on. Only two days in the month were vacant for possible "in bed", home; Washington's Birthday, the 22d, and several days following were marked with impressive question marks, which might in some cases suggest a date at the police station. In fact, the little leaf suggested the career of a smart, fast young man, for the dates had a shady tinge to all appearance. And yet there was a little beam of sunshine in the last date, "Sunday. At Hospital with little Jack."

As if by a strange coincidence, a few hours later, I picked up a patent medicine account book. The scrawl was labored, but it contained a glimpse of life. A few items will tell the story of the daily expenditure which was about the same, except an occasional vaudeville ticket.

EARNED \$1.40	PAYED OUT
Meals.....	.55
Beer.....	.05
Tobacco.....	.05
Mother.....	.50
Have left.....	.10

NORTHERN VISTA FROM THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES.



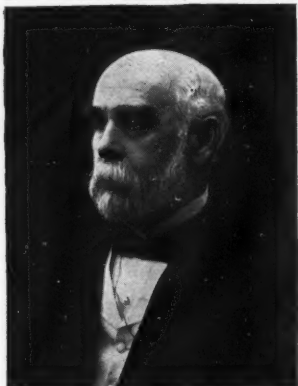
IN THE WHITE HOUSE CONSERVATORY



There was no way of accurately describing the owner, but there was one word, one item, that appeared in that pocket-worn diary every day, which to me made the man a hero and a knight, although his schedule was not so full of dates for dinners and nameless experiences. There were no question marks there under the dates of holidays, but mother was never forgotten.

One of the modest suites of rooms in the Treasury Building at Washington is occupied by Hon. Geo. E. Roberts, director of the mint. He won a national reputation in the campaign of 1896 through his books and articles on the financial question, and was the first writer to successfully grapple with

U. S. SENATOR MILLARD OF NEBRASKA



"Coin" when the currency campaign was in full blast. Although compara-

tively a young man, Director Roberts stands very high as an authority on financial matters, and his reports are accepted as final authority the world over. Born in Iowa, equipped with the experience of a successful editor; and of Welsh descent, Mr. Roberts is one of the strong young men now in high official position. He has made his tenure in office as director of the mint a distinctive epoch in the history of the treasury department.

• • •

On the 30th of March, 1852, a strong speech on the strong subject of "Man's Right to the Soil" was delivered in the National House of Representatives by a young member from Pennsylvania, who walked down the aisle with arms

MRS. HEARST, MOTHER OF PUBLISHER HEARST OF THE N. Y. JOURNAL



swinging as he declared : • MRS. DE KOVEN IN COSTUME WORN AT HILL BALL

"For if a man has a right on earth, he has a right to land enough on which to rear a habitation. If he has a right to live, he has a right to a free use of whatever Nature has provided for his sustenance, air to breathe, water to drink and land enough to cultivate for subsistence."

• • •

This was not a "single tax" speech of modern days, but a fervid declaration on the floor of Congress a half century ago. The young speaker is still a member of the same body from the same state, the venerable Galusha A. Grow, and on January 6, last, Mr. Grow became the sole survivor of the Thirty-Second Congress.

The exception, up to the date referred to, was the late James Ware Bradbury, of Augusta, Maine, one whose life came within eighteen months of touching the borders of three centuries. For many years Mr. Bradbury was the senior



ex-member of the national Senate, and also sole survivor of the first three Senates with which he was connected during the three administrations of Polk, Taylor and Fillmore, from March 4, 1847, to March 4, 1853, and it was always a pleasure to me to hear him tell of those early days when Lincoln was in Congress.

• • •

It was during Abraham Lincoln's only Congressional service, as a member of the Post Office Committee, that he made his only report of a public nature. This was upon a measure to make a portion of the postmasters subscription agents for the newspapers—showing his keen, sympathetic interest in the struggling periodicals of his day—

U. S. SENATOR DIETRICH OF NEBRASKA



MARION GALLANDET



the government to assume the responsibility for the money paid in. Mr. Lincoln, after detailing ten objections, recommended the adoption of the idea; but it never came to the light outside of the committee room, and Mr. Lincoln went back to his home in Sangamon County something of a disappointed one-term congressman.

This was the Thirtieth Congress, which abounded in men even then famous, and who afterward, through the vicissitudes of life, attained the acme of popular favor. John Quincy Adams had already taken a seat in the House after retiring from the presidency, and it

looks like mixed politics at this time to find Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Toombs of Georgia falling into line with John Quincy Adams and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois in supporting Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts for Speaker. Andrew Johnson flocked by himself and cast the solitary vote received by a South Carolina member.

The "London Times" has finally settled, to its own satisfaction at least, the question of whether only Americans succeed in business. The conclusion is that Americans have made a science of trade and business—in fact it is one of the American fine arts. This handsome compliment has given new interest to the agitation for an additional member of the cabinet at Washington—a secretary of commerce—which department is to give exclu-

MRS. T. F. WALSH, IN COSTUME WORN AT HILL BALL



sive attention to the mammoth trade and industrial interests of the nation, both domestic and foreign.

There are few more picturesque visitors to Washington than Captain Ole Oleson, who is the veteran postmaster at Oshkosh, Wis. Captain Oleson is a type of the sturdy American citizens which Norway has furnished. Born in 1839, he became a resident of Oshkosh in 1859, and served during the Civil War in the Second Wisconsin Regiment and afterward in the gunboat service on the Mississippi, taking an active part in all the

ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX



battles until the river was opened. He was appointed postmaster of Oshkosh by President Harrison, February 15, 1890, serving his full term. He was again appointed postmaster of Oshkosh by President McKinley. Captain Oleson is familiar with the political history of the country, and has an absorbing interest in all the political contests in every portion of the Union. When President McKinley was running for governor of Ohio, Capt. Oleson was an original McKinley man and was actively interested in the campaign. From his earliest years, in politics he was an ardent friend and supporter of

"The American Girl in Washington always has a dash of 'go' about her"



the late Senator Philetus Sawyer. His loyalty and zeal were warmly appreciated and Mr. Sawyer honored and

during the famous naval engagement at Hampton Roads, when the "Merri-mac" was destroyed. "I feel proud of

CAPTAIN OLE OLESON



my son who, served as lieutenant on the 'Dixie' during the Spanish-American War. We have the warm blood of American patriotism born in us," Mr. Goodrich said. He now resides in California.

* * *

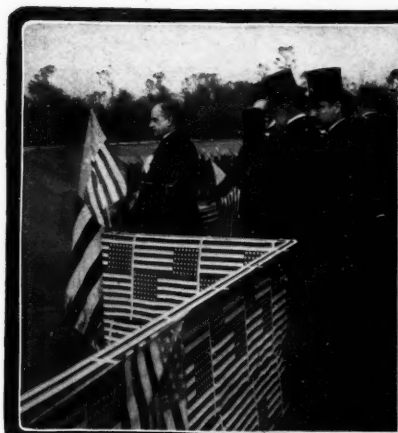
As brown as a native Porto Rican, and as happy as a school-boy on a vacation, Governor Allen came out of the cabinet room after a conference with the President and was ready for a talk with the newspaper men. He threw up his hands (figuratively) at the head of the stairs, and gave as concise a talk on Porto Rico in ten minutes as could be conveyed in a ponderously padded and exhaustively tabulated government report. There has been a great deal of controversy over the situation as reported by Governor Allen, but no one can talk with him without feeling that few officials are more conscientiously and honestly interested in their

trusted Captain Oleson as he did but few other men.

* * *

During this month I had the pleasure of meeting W. W. Goodrich, a grandson of William Wordsworth, the famous English poet, and also a grand-nephew of General Lafayette. He had called at the White House and is a thoroughly representative American citizen. He was born at Hyde Park, N. Y., while his parents were visiting here, but grew to manhood in this country. He served on the "Monitor"

work. He stated to me that coffee planters were in bad shape, but insisted the general conditions were far better than when Americans first entered the island. The Foraker law he thought would eventually bring matters around all right, and insisted that the differential of fifteen per cent under the Dingley tariff gave the sugar planters at least \$3,500,000. It costs about \$2,000,000 to run the island, half of which is furnished by the excise duties, and it is prejudice against or rather the apprehension of loss from



The President must admire the flag-bunting adorned reviewing stands without number.



The "Presidential Flyer," flag-festooned, ready for the fast run across the continent.



While under way the work in the executive offices on wheels goes bravely on "under full steam."

Here is where the President enjoys his daily gymnastics. He always has time for the children.



From copyrighted photos by Stratmeyer & Wyman

the land tax system, and the changes from the old Spanish laws, that are causing the trouble. He felt perfect confidence in the Porto Rican legisla-

with a bright red necktie, and nervously pulling at his short, stubby mustache, he is the expressive type of an energetic American business man.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON ON HIS FIRST TOUR FROM NEW YORK CITY



ture, which meets again in December, to equitably initiate the matter of land taxes.

"There is a splendid opportunity for American investors in Porto Rico," said the Governor, with a business-like squint of his eyes, "and that means a great deal for the future development of the island." Governor Allen's ability and energy will result in greatly improving the condition of Porto Rico and will advance local interests. Clad in a light summer coat,

General Funston has made history repeat itself in rather a singular way in the daring capture of the Filipino leader. From Aguinaldo to Osceola is something of a far cry. But here was an eminent Seminole chief, struggling for the lands of his fathers, captured in 1837, while under the protection of a flag of truce, and dying in 1838 in the gloomy casements of his captive home at Fort Moultrie. Yet it was not until 1843 that the Seminole War was officially declared at an end.

CARTOON ISSUED DURING JACKSON'S PRESIDENTIAL TOUR



AN AMERICAN KING

By A. N. Somers

FEW people are aware that at one time on the soil of democratic America there reigned a king, but such is the case.

James Jesse Strang, a disappointed claimant as successor of Joseph Smith of Mormon fame, settled a colony of Mormons on Big Beaver Island, in Lake Michigan, in 1848, and was crowned king July 8, 1850.

Strang was the son of a farmer, born in Scipio, Cayuga County, N. Y., but removed with his parents at an early age to Chautauqua County, where he lived until some thirty years of age. His boyhood was spent on the farm, though he taught school and studied law and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-three. The only education he received was that of a few months at district schools in the winter after the farm work was performed. He practised law, delivered temperance lectures over several of the Middle States, worked on farms, edited a newspaper at Randolph, N. Y., where he is still remembered by old men, and served a term as postmaster at Ellington, N. Y.

In 1843, he was caught in the current of young life then pouring westward, and drifted to Burlington, Wis., where he became a member of a law firm. During his first year of residence in the west he became much interested in the career of Joseph Smith, the head of the Mormon church, then at Nauvoo, Ill. Strang's restless and ambitious nature was much affected by the success of Smith, who had in a little more than a dozen years risen from poverty and obscurity to

a position as a great leader of what seemed to be a movement destined to flourish for ages. More than 100,000 communicants had flocked about the Mormon prophet, whose will was law to them. Strang was familiar with the history of that little band of vagabonds who had now grown to be a

KING JAMES JESSE STRANG



mighty host possessing wealth and power. He had many times debated the question of Mormonism, for he was a frequenter of debating clubs even before beginning his career as a lawyer and editor.

From some unknown motive Strang visited Nauvoo in January, 1844. It

may have been that his professional labors did not meet with the success he wished for, or his ambitious and active nature may have longed for more excitement than the career of a lawyer in a new community afforded him, and that he decided to cast his lot with the Later Day Saints with the expectation of finding a shorter road to fortune and fame, for he had in very early life evinced an ambition for distinction as a leader of men. His oratory was pleasing and his manner winning. He found a cordial welcome to Nauvoo, and a fast friend in Joseph Smith, who no doubt saw in him a useful preacher and treated him as a friend from the first of their acquaintance. On the 25th of February Strang was baptized, and on March 3d was ordained an elder in the church. From his ordination to his death he was a tireless preacher of the faith, by voice and pen, for as an editor he recognized the value of the press in the propagation of ideas.

After a short sojourn at Nauvoo he returned to Wisconsin; and soon opened up a correspondence with President Joseph Smith with a view to establishing a branch of the church in Wisconsin under his leadership. Probably with a view to suppressing an incipient competition, or seeing a disadvantage in scattering forces, Smith did not agree to the project at first, though he seemed after much persuasion to yield Strang the authority he sought. About the time such arrangement was agreed upon, the Smiths, Joseph and Hyrum, were killed in the mobbing of Carthage jail by angry gentiles, June 28, 1844. Strang now saw a chance to figure as Smith's successor, and lost no time in presenting his claim reinforced by a letter purporting to have been written by Joseph Smith nine days before his death, and which he claimed to have received

eight days before the news of Smith's death reached him. It read as follows:

" . . . My servant Joseph, thou hast been faithful over many things, and thy reward is glorious; the crown and scepter are thine, and they wait thee. But thou hast sinned in some things, and thy punishment is bitter. The whirlwind goeth before, and its clouds are dark—but rest followeth, and to its days there shall be no end. Study the words of the vision, for it tarrieth not.

"And now behold my servant James J. Strang hath come to thee from afar for truth where he knew it not, and hath not rejected it, but had faith in thee, the Shepherd and Stone of Israel, and to him shall the gathering of the people be, for he shall plant a stake of Zion in Wisconsin, and I will establish it; and there shall my people have peace and rest and shall not be moved, for it shall be established on White river, in the lands of Racine and Walworth. . . . And I will have a house built unto me there of stone, and there will I show myself to my people by many mighty works, and the name of the city shall be called Voree, which is being interpreted, garden of peace, for there shall my people have peace and rest and wax fat and pleasant in the presence of their enemies."

On the strength of this letter Strang made a strong contest, but Brigham Young being older in the faith and on the ground became too formidable a rival. Aside from the appointment as Smith's successor, vouched for in the letter, he claimed to have been ordained by an angel of the Lord at the precise moment of Smith's death, as subsequently stated in "The Book of the Law of the Lord," page 224, note 15.

Two of the twelve apostles at Nauvoo, John E. Page and William Smith, adhered to Strang when he was pronounced an imposter and his letter a forgery. They, in company with Strang, officially deposed the other ten apostles and elected others in their places. Young continued his claim

until elected president, August 8, 1844. Strang was ready for the turn things took, and discovered, by a vision, three brazen plates covered on both sides with symbolic figures and cabalistic signs which he translated as a commission from the Lord. The plates are known as the "Voree Plates" and read as follows:

"My people are no more. The mighty are fallen and the young men slain in battle. Their bones bleach on the plain by the noonday shadow. The houses are leveled with the dust, and in the moat are the walls. They shall be inhabited.

"I have in the burial served them; and their bones in the death-shade, toward the sun's rising, are covered. They sleep with the mighty dead, and they rest with their fathers. They have fallen in transgression and are not; but the elect and faithful there shall dwell.

"The Word hath revealed it. God hath sworn to give an inheritance to His people where transgressors perished. The Word of God came to me while I mourned in the death-shade, saying, I will avenge me on the destroyer. They shall be driven out. Other strangers shall inhabit thy land. I an ensign will then set up. The escaped of my people there shall dwell, when the flock disowns the shepherd, and build not on the rock.

"The forerunner men shall kill, but a mighty prophet there shall dwell. I will be his strength, and he shall bring forth the record. Record my word, and bury it in the hill of promise."

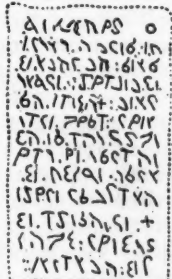
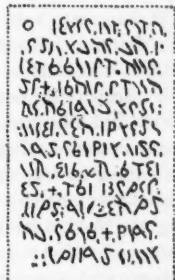
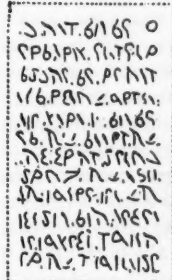
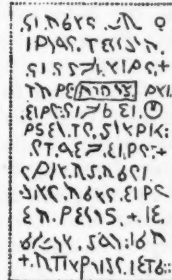
Rajah Manchore

These plates were dug out of the ground under the roots of an oak tree a foot in diameter by four of his faithful ones whom he took as witnesses to dig them up. They were found not far from the bridge across White river, near the east line of Walworth county. There taken out September 13, 1845, and were encased in an earthen vessel which crumbled on handling.

During the year that intervened between the death of Smith and the find-

ing of the plates Strang had organized a colony and founded the city of Voree on the communistic plan of holding everything in common. A newspaper, "The Voree Herald," was published and converts made so that his colony

THE "VOREE PLATES"



was an assured fact before he found the plates. The story conveyed by the plates was to the effect that the Lord's people had, at some remote date, perished in the vicinity of Voree, of which he found plenty of confirma-

tory evidence to palm off on his ignorant converts in the numerous mounds and graves of Indians in the vicinity.

Strang claimed to have found eighteen other metallic plates during the year following the finding of those three. These latter ones he called the "Plates of Laban," and claimed that they were older than the Babylonish captivity of the Jews. From these he translated portions of "The Book of the Law of the Lord," receiving the rest by direct revelation. That book makes a 12mo. of 336 pages, divided into eighteen chapters, treating for the most part on the theological, domestic and social questions. It is thoroughly sumptuary in its dealings with those questions, and follows closely the style of the Old Testament.

It suggests much that one reads in the Book of Mormon, and was produced much after Smith's plan, only that Smith claimed to see through the Urim and Thummim, a greenish-white stone covered with brown spots, which he called by the vulgar name of "seeing-stone," before he went to translating the golden plates. Strang closely followed the style of the book of "Doctrines and Covenants," to which he often refers in his "Book of the Law." He refers also to the Bible and Book of Mormon in a way that indicates that he regarded his the equal, but not superior to them.

It became evident to Strang that he could not continue long at Voree in consequence of growing opposition. In 1847 he took four of his faithful saints and explored the Lake Michigan archipelago, landing on Big Beaver Island, where they were welcomed by the few fishermen living there. They built them a lodge of hemlock boughs and subsisted chiefly on wild leeks and beech-nuts for a time until they could make a careful study of the island. Before navigation closed the following

winter he had five families settled on the island to hold possession of it. As soon as navigation opened up the next spring twenty families followed, and by 1849 they began to flock to the island by hundreds, which alarmed the original settlers and provoked considerable hostility against the Mormons. The newcomers were industrious and honest at first, and inclined to be peaceful, offering no resistance to the acts of violence offered them by the gentiles. The village was named James City, though soon after changed to St. James, as at present.

The colony built a saw mill and docks, built and launched a schooner, and opened up roads into the interior of the island to reach the farming lands, which were valuable. The island was rich in timbers, and soil sufficiently diversified and watered by ponds and rivers to make it a very garden. Missionaries were sent out and converts were brought to the colony on every trip of their boat and others trading with the fishermen. Prosperity began to be evident on every hand.

St. James was now (1849) declared the headquarters of the church, and the island was designated as "The Kingdom of Beaver Island."

When the next annual conference convened, in July, 1850, Strang was crowned king by an imposing ceremony. He retained the offices of "Apostle, Prophet, Seer, Revelator and Translator." Subordinate officers were also created, as "Councillors, Judges, Deacons, Elders, Apostles, Priests, Teachers, Embassadors and a Viceroy" are provided for. All these offices are fully explained in the "Book of the Law of the Lord," and all objections to them fully answered.

He now abandoned the communistic plan of organizing the kingdom and divided the lands (all of which belonged

to the church) among the members, who held it in severalty. The tithing system of the Old Testament was adopted and yielded a handsome revenue to the church, from which all general debts were paid and the poor supported. Schools were opened and education compulsory. He established debating clubs for the improvement of the adults, and all were urged to take part in them for the purpose of enabling them to argue their doctrines against opponents. The king often took part in those debating societies, mingling his voice with those of the laymen.

The newspaper published at Voree was transplanted to St. James and an elaborate press set up, known as the "Royal Press." He edited and published "The Northern Islander" for a while as a weekly, but later as a daily paper, the literary quality of which was superior to the average small daily of to-day. From this office was printed "The Book of the Law," a very creditable piece of work. Few books of that date were so well printed.

A large tabernacle was planned and partly finished by the king. As before indicated, the moral and religious tone of the community was at first good, though at a later date it deteriorated very much, so that the saints were accused of every sort of crime. They observed Saturday as the Sabbath and attendance at church was compulsory, the rule being strictly enforced for a time. Tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor were prohibited. Polygamy was denounced by Strang during the residence of the colony at Voree; but once a king he advocated polygamy, taking five wives himself and urging others to follow his example. But in order to take more than one wife a man had to prove to the church that he was able to support them. He had even to prove his ability to support one wife

before he could marry at all. The women were required to wear short skirts and bloomer pantalets. This order from the king was imperative, though some did not comply with the law. One Mrs. Bedford stood out against the decree. All domestic affairs were ruled by laws issued by the king. He was sole law-giver. The saints reached the number of 2,000 in 1856, and were generally very illiterate, particularly the women.

Neither the king nor the kingdom gained the confidence of the original settlers of the island. They opposed the "Saints" by all sorts of means, lawful and unlawful—disturbed their meetings and refused to treat them as neighbors or friends.

At first the king and his followers offered no resistance to acts of violence; but after being arrested several times and brought to trial on charges that the courts did not sustain, the king grew offensive and allowed many acts of violence against his foes to pass without rebuke, and it is said by some that he even encouraged it, until the "Saints" were the most lawless class on the disputed territory. At all events, there were six years of a reign of terror and bloodshed, spiced with robbery. By 1854 the Mormons had become the terror of the island and the coast on either side of the lake.

Strang was shrewd in his diplomacy and gained the friendship of the Indians whom he befriended; and while sitting in the Michigan Legislature two terms he defended them against unjust charges. He severely rebuked the state for mistreating them in many ways. In that way he completely won them as friends and prevented the whites from using them against him.

King Strang allowed his subjects to coin money and take certain liberties with the United States mail which gave rise to the rumor that the colony

was a set of counterfeiters, mail robbers and land pirates guilty of high treason. A variety of other crimes were also credited to them. In 1851 the U. S. revenue cutter "Michigan," with members of the national court on board, entered the harbor at St. James, and calling the king to surrender himself for trial, found him even anxious for the ordeal. He was taken to Detroit and tried. He conducted his own defense, and it is generally believed that his shrewd and masterly argument, in which he represented himself as one "persecuted for righteousness' sake," saved him from conviction on the charge of high treason. He now triumphed as a martyr to his faith. Returning to his numerous duties he found time to publish several pamphlets and documents in defense of Mormonism. His literary productions were by no means poor. Some of them were of so high a scientific order as to find ready publication by the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C. I am told by his "state printer" that his private library was quite large, numbering several thousand volumes of the best literature of the time, evincing a taste for a wide range of subjects.

Then followed a time in which their persecutions (as they represented the opposition to their policy) ceased and peace seemed to have settled down on the island; but a source of danger not seen by them was lurking in the very nature of the material out of which the kingdom was built. Composed as it was of ignorant, selfish and ambitious people, the kingdom soon became a hot-bed of what the king called "the sedition and conspiracy of the Saints." He soon had trouble with his subjects. Some of them ignored the prohibitions of "The Law of the Lord" against tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor. The injunction placed against Gentile styles

in feminine dress was not observed by some of the sisters, who refused to wear bloomers. Then, too, the king had urged polygamy, and had set the "Saints" the example by taking four more wives. But in spite of his encouragements there still remained a strong sentiment against polygamy, which angered the king and led him to denounce that sentiment and those holding it in strong language.

Some of the more disaffected ones now left the church and joined their forces with the Gentiles in order to revenge themselves on their foes in the church. By the time the conference of 1855 came the king was driven to the necessity of denouncing many of his subjects in very severe terms, and declared that "The Law of the Lord" was to be enforced or that men would walk over his dead body. That rebuke only served to fan a smouldering fire into a flame that swept everything before it.

Among Strang's Saints there was one Dr. H. D. McCulloch, an educated but dissipated man, who had aspirations to succeed or supersede Strang. He had led a wild life of adventure before joining the colony, but being a man of ability the king made him one of his councillors. His aspirations led him to become an aggressive opponent of the king, who in defense of his power deposed McCulloch and turned him out of the church. The charge upon which he was expelled was that of habitual drunkenness, which determined him to have revenge on Strang.

There were two other disaffected Saints of similar intentions. One of these, Thomas Bedford—had incurred the king's displeasure by encouraging his wife to ignore the order for all women to wear bloomers.

There was another bad character by the name of Aleck Wentworth, who

had often been publicly rebuked for his numerous shortcomings. These three were determined to overthrow the king and the kingdom.

In the spring of 1855, as soon as navigation opened, they left the island and went ashore and conspired with the Gentiles to make a sudden descent upon the colony and break it up. Meanwhile, McCulloch had charged Strang with polygamy before the courts and the revenue cutter "Michigan" was returned to the court of St. James on June 16, 1856. Strang was sent for to appear before the officers on board the vessel. At first he refused to comply with the request, but thinking better of the matter, he sent word that he would appear in the afternoon. This gave his foes their long-wished-for chance for revenge. Bedford and Wentworth had returned to the island as soon as they learned that the vessel was going to visit it.

As Strang passed from the "Palace" toward the dock between two piles of cord-wood Bedford and Wentworth sprang upon him and shot him. He received two slight wounds in the head and another in the spine, which latter one was fatal. He grappled with his assailants and held on to Bedford, whom he caught by the leg as he jumped over him to get away. Bedford dealt him a heavy blow over the head with a pistol and the wounded king was rendered unconscious.

As it was evident that his wound in the back would prove fatal, and another attempt upon his life was feared, his friends removed him to Voree, where he lingered until July 9, when he died after having been carefully nursed by his first and lawful wife, who had left him when he began to bring home other wives. He was buried in the "Cemetery of the Saints," at Spring Prairie, Wis. His grave remains unmarked still. His assassins

took refuge on the "Michigan" and were conveyed to Mackinac for trial and were acquitted.

Before his death Strang advised a general removal of the Saints from Beaver Island to some more safe place; in fact, quite a number taking fright at the attack upon the king, had left on the vessel that conveyed him to Milwaukee. But while the Saints were devising a plan of removal and finding a place to which to go, the Gentiles fell upon them in such a maddened fury that they were destroyed in a single day.

The desperate McCulloch led a fierce band of Gentile ruffians to the island to drive the colony off and destroy their property, which purpose they carried out. The mob ordered the Saints to get their goods on board the vessel they brought for the purpose of carrying them away, but most of their goods were either destroyed or left even after they were brought to the dock. The "printer to the king," who had the last form of "The Book of the Law of the Lord" on the press, hastily gathered the printed sheets, and packing them among other things in a box they escaped the sight of the spoilers, and thus were saved a number of copies (as far as it was completed) of that wonderful book. The writer was presented with a copy of it by one of Strang's daughters, Princess Eugenia (which signifies "noble" or "well-born"). Only one copy of the Preface to the book is known to be in existence, which is in the possession of a woman living near Black River Falls, Wis.

The king's "palace," as he called his house, was sacked and destroyed, his library was either stolen or destroyed, and the printing office was demolished. The homes of the helpless Saints were seized by the mob after they were deported to the Wisconsin shore. From there they scattered wide.

THE RECKONING

A Story of Mexico Under Maximilian

By Mark Lee Luther

V.

The Hacienda of Jalapilla

TOWARD evening Sanborn went out into the streets and roamed aimlessly until he came to an old Spanish bridge, whose high graceful arch spanned a ravine. Leaning over the parapet, he could see down the barranca yet another bridge of like picturesqueness and antiquity. In the stream beneath it a few Indian women were bathing in all the native freedom of an age when the world was younger, and their lithe wet bodies glistened statuesquely in the waning light. A tangle of tropical vegetation flanked either edge of the water course, and higher up the banks perched low jumbled ranks of vine-smothered, red-tiled dwellings, casting sharp blue-black shadows into the gorge. To the left, just at the bridge's approach, a little church lifted its belfry to the sunset; yet farther back an olive mass of leafage framed the sanctuary; and beyond all, towered the mountains.

The young man looked upon the scene unmoved by its loveliness. He was thinking intently of himself. Apart from Philip Strang, he had undergone a reaction of feeling, and he told himself that the man's magnetism had swept him farther than he had meant to go. He was almost at the point of regretting his generous impulse, and of branding as weakness the wholesomely human; although he shrank from the admission. He abhorred self-analysis; it was irksome to his disposition, as it is to every egotist;

yet in the recesses of his consciousness he could not obscure the feeling that somehow he had fallen short of what another thought him. Such reflections are unpleasant to anyone; to the egotist they are wormwood, sand in his teeth, sleazy imperfections in the fabric of his comfortable philosophy of a universe centering in himself. He was in Mexico to better his fortunes, to rise in his profession, to amass wealth, to attain position, to marry if it should suit his humor. He had so far eschewed such matters and men that might retard this ambition and had courted such as might further it. Had the empire rested on less unstable foundation than French bayonets which were about to be withdrawn, he would have been an Imperialist with good conscience; foreseeing its collapse, he was the most conscientious of liberals. Young as he was in most things, he calculated his chances of advancement with precociously worldly shrewdness. Squared by such a creed, therefore, his impulsive ill-considered promise to the Englishman seemed to him on reflection a false step he would have done well to avoid. He pondered curiously over the man's persuasiveness; it was a valuable procession; one might do much with it—for himself. It seemed a singular thing that anyone should choose to fritter away such talents in a hopeless cause.

It must be recorded, however, that in Strang's company Sanborn found

his outlook on life more altruistic, and, seeing no creditable door of escape, he entered into the other's project with a show of interest which fairly deceived himself. Strang's plan was a simple one.

"The Emperor is an early riser," he explained. "Frequently he is out of bed as early as three o'clock. The unspeakable Fischer is less Spartan. Hence my belief that we can catch him napping. One morning recently I saw his Majesty walking unguarded by his jailor; it was shortly after five o'clock. I did not go to him for, as I watched, the priest came yawning out. On another occasion my man Tadeo saw the Emperor quite alone. Some day we shall be there when his reverence oversleeps."

"We are to keep daily vigil, then?"

"Precisely; and I trust for your charitable sake that the days will be few."

Their opportunity came on the second morning that they watched at the *hacienda* of Jalapilla. It was just dawn and they stood motionless for half an hour, seeing no moving thing save the wakening birds. Then a tall figure, wrapped in a long, gray cloak, emerged from the house and stood irresolute before the door. It was the Emperor. He advanced a few paces, stopped, looked toward the reddening east, and lifting his sombrero, bared his head to the breeze which blew gently from the mountains across the wide stretches of coffee trees and rustling cane. His flaxen hair was but roughly brushed, and his parted beard lacked its wonted touch of fastidious dandyism. Every detail of his dress bespoke neglect and his whole bearing was that of a man indifferent to anything apart from the burden of his melancholy thoughts. His eyes were inexpressibly sad, and his mouth was drawn. Replacing his sombrero,

he walked for an interval listlessly to and fro before the dwelling, and then wandered slowly toward the little thicket behind which his watchers stood.

Strang touched his companion's arm and they stepped into the open to await the sombre figure's approach. The Emperor stopped short on seeing them but betrayed no surprise. He was numbed past surprise.

"Ah, Strang, is it you?" he said, and courteously saluted Sanborn, who had raised his hat. "What rouses you betimes? There is nothing for you to do in these days. There is nothing for any of us to do—nothing, nothing."

"Habit is strong, sire," Strang answered, and presented Sanborn.

"I remember you, sir," said the Emperor; "I once saw you in the city of Mexico with other Americans."

Sanborn was captivated by the civil speech, which impressed him the more in that he was ignorant of Maximilian's royal facility for recalling faces. Strang made haste to get squarely at the business of their coming.

"Mr. Sanborn is a civil engineer," he explained rapidly, "and has a mission in this neighborhood in which I agreed to bear him company. Observing your Majesty we hastened to bid you good morning. Mr. Sanborn is in the service of the railroad."

"The railroad? It is a worthy enterprise and Mexico needs it sorely. The work goes steadily forward I trust?"

Strang shot Sanborn a meaning look and the American took his cue.

"The times are too unsettled for any work to run smoothly, your Majesty," he replied.

The Emperor turned his melancholy blue eyes fully upon him.

"The Vera Cruz road has gone forward most encouragingly since the establishment of the empire," he said almost eagerly; "everyone must see,

that—everyone, everyone. The empire stands for progress. It aims at national regeneration. All enlightening projects have its good-will."

Sanborn made no response.

"Surely the road has fared better than in the years of anarchy preceding the empire," persisted the Emperor. "You would not deny that. No, no; you would not deny that."

"I was not in Mexico under the republic," rejoined the American; "I can speak only of the present."

"And the present, the present—what of the present?"

Sanborn hesitated.

"Mr. Sanborn is not optimistic, your Majesty," Strang interposed skilfully; "he has touched elbows with all classes in his work and has sounded public opinion in all ranks."

"What do the people say, sir?" demanded the Emperor, nervously. "What do they say? What do they say?"

Sanborn still paused.

"Mexico longs for peace, your Majesty," he said, reluctantly, at last.

"Yes, yes; but what is it that they say? What do they say of the empire? Have they no gratitude to the government which has sought to establish peace?"

The young man was much embarrassed. He found the role set him by Strang most difficult of performance.

"Speak frankly, sir, speak frankly," charged the Emperor. "What is the common opinion?"

"That peace under the empire is an impossibility," he blurted out.

The look of utter depression which Maximilian had worn before he saw them returned and he gazed abstractedly at the serrated mountain wall outlined in purple silhouette against the morning sky.

"They all think it," he said presently. "And I begin to think it, too," he added despondently.

Strang turned to him eagerly. "Then go, your Majesty," he cried. "Go back to Miramar where there is peace. The Austrian frigate at Vera Cruz waits but for a word. Those who should have succored you have denied you; their promises are lies. Why should you stay? Go with dignity while you may. Think of sunny, soft-aired Miramar with the blue Adriatic lapping the rocks beneath and Venice over the way; think of the Empress; think—"

He stopped abruptly at sight of a tall, broad-shouldered man in clerical dress, who had issued from the dwelling and was swinging toward them with smug arrogance.

"Father Fischer," said the Emperor with a harassed look and eyed the priest like a truant schoolboy fearful of the birch. He seemed fairly cowed by the burly instrument which he himself had set up.

Strang firmly stood his ground and the imperial secretary's shifty eyes avoided his look. Sanborn's presence the priest ignored, and, approaching the Emperor with an air of exaggerated respect, he lifted a monitory finger.

"You have been exciting yourself Sire," he said blandly. "You forget that you need absolute repose. You permit the unthinking to intrude upon you. Husband your strength for your country, your Majesty, for your people who look to you as their savior. Come within, I entreat you."

The unhappy invalid wavered.

"The air," he began weakly, "the air—I thought—"

"See, Sire," interrupted the secretary, brushing past Strang and offering his arm. "See how unstrung is your condition. Come, come with me."

The Emperor yielded wearily.

"Yes, yes," he said languidly. "I

am coming, I am coming. You will pardon me, gentlemen. You perceive I am not myself. I—I—"

The priest led him away.

Strang gazed after them with set jaw. Then, when the gray shrinking figure had wavered from sight, he turned away with a muffled sound. Sanborn thought it an oath, but it was not; it was a man's sob.

"Come," he said hoarsely, "Come."

Sanborn walked silently beside him to their tethered horses and in silence they mounted and slowly rode toward Orizaba, whose bells were clamoring for the morning mass.

"Church bells!" exclaimed Strang bitterly. "It is vastly appropriate. It is a church victory which has come to pass."

"What is that corpulent priest after?" asked Sanborn. "What is to be his share of the plunder if the clerical party wins?"

"Is it not something to have made the Emperor his tool?" demanded the Englishman. "But he has other ambitions, that man. The lecherous creature whom the Bishop of Durango expelled from his palace sighs for an Episcopal palace of his own. He covets the wealthiest bishopric in all Mexico. He would be bishop of Querétaro."

Sanborn lingered in Orizaba for a day or two, curious as to the outcome of the pitiful bondage of the Emperor at the *hacienda* of Jalapilla.

"One cannot witness the tottering of an empire every day, and, having no more serious business to occupy me, I am waiting for the crash," he wrote flippantly to his father at this time. "French, Austrians, Belgians, Mexicans, everybody except the clerical party, is hoping that 'Max' will skedaddle. It is even rumored that Napoleon and the Yanks up at Washington are now hand in glove to re-

store the republic. When the French marshal withdraws the foreign troops, look out for a noise. You will hear the thud all the way to the Chesapeake and know that the ruins of another empire have found their way into the junk-shop of defunct nations."

He rather prided himself on that last sentence. "The junk-shop of defunct nations" seemed to him a decidedly taking phrase. So his father thought, too, and the letter afterward appeared in a Charleston newspaper with screaming headlines.

The day before Sanborn left Orizaba Strang was summoned to the *hacienda*. He returned at evening very grave and very calm.

"The suspense is at an end," he said in response to Sanborn's questioning look.

"Maximilian will abdicate?"

"The Emperor will remain."

VI.

Yuletide

General Ravenscroft chanced upon Philip Strang in the city of Mexico the day before Christmas.

"Yes," admitted the Englishman, "logically I should be with the Emperor at the Archbishop's in Puebla; but I am no longer governed by logic. I begin to believe in fate."

"And the Emperor?"

"Will return to the capital in January."

"A mistake."

"Say lunacy," rejoined Strang wearily. "I little thought to meet you," he added. "Most of the foreign residents are preparing for flight."

"I've lived through worse," answered the veteran with a shrewd noting of the younger man's worn eyes. "We're to sacrifice a turkey in Tacubaya to-morrow," he went on, "and you must join us. There will be merely young Sanborn and Molly

and I. We can't make it an English yule or an American Christmas, but you'll be right welcome."

Philip Strang looked away into the kaleidoscopic life of the Plaza for a moment without speaking. Then he put out his hand. "You've guessed it," he said simply. "I'm horribly lonely. It's uncommonly good of you to ask me, but I mustn't come. No; I mustn't come. You will do well not to seem too friendly with the Imperialists if you are to remain in Mexico," he explained, as the General's face clouded with disappointment. "These stormy times will grow stormier, and I must take heed that you come to no harm through befriending me."

The General gave his gray mustache a martial twist. "By heaven, sir," he ejaculated, "you will be welcome in my house, come when you may, and come to-morrow, you shall."

So Strang gave his promise.

Tacubaya is a suburb of gardens and delectable dwellings that pique the fancy with suggestions of "Arabian Nights." From this doorway might the Barber's fantastic Second Brother pop; down that crooked passage might Haroun Alraschid walk; in yonder quaint court might Morgiana pour the boiling oil. Not least in interest or loveliness was the establishment which the Ravenscrofts had rented for a song. To the street were thrust long stretches of high white wall, above whose coping peeped here and there a trailing vine or nodding orange bough or coquetting rose, eloquent tell-tales of delights within. Through the grille of the arched portal more speaking glimpses caught the passer-by and held him sighing in the blistering street. He would perceive something of the tempered warmth and light and perfume of the *patio*; tinted a faint lavender in its recesses, but painted in the open, where the

mellowing brush of the sunlight worked untrammelled among the stucco garlands and mouldings above the arches, with wonderful touches of buff and cream and ivory and golden brown. He would receive tantalizing suggestions of hammocks swung in the shadow of striped awnings and waving palms in the *corredor* above, and would blink eyes, sheer dazzled, at the flowery barricade between. The lily, the pansy, the geranium, the rose, the violet and the japonica thrived in daring rivalry, the poinsettia flashed its vermillion beside the orange flower, and in and out the columns a great azalea drooped its clustering wealth of amaranth.

As the Ravenscrofts awaited Philip Strang's coming in the *corredor* the General brought out a harp which he placed beside his daughter's chair. Sanborn stared hard at the instrument.

"Why," he began, "I thought when your house burned—"

"Yes; my mother's harp was lost with the rest," interposed Mary Ravenscroft, quickly, with an anxious glance at the General. "This is very like hers; father found it in the city."

Her father's glance sought her own for an instant. They understood each other well, these two, and needed words but little. They were like in features, too: the girl had the man's selfsame eyes, mouth, chin, nose and brow run in gentler mould; and the General was a personable man. Presently he spoke with a forced lightness:

"Another Mexican bargain, Tom. I bought it at the Monte de Piedad. Some poor devil failed to redeem his pledge. Could it speak, I fancy it would tell a pretty Spanish tale of caressing fingers and moving sighs."

"Does the *senorita* play?" inquired the youth, with a prompt application of the older man's fancies.

"The guitar," said the girl, coursing the strings in swift arpeggio.

"The harp for me," declared the General, stoutly—"the classic, graceful harp. What other instrument has such beauty of line? Think, too, of its antiquity. It has shed melody from the banks of the Nile to the fastnesses of Wales."

"Not to mention the bogs of Ireland," added Sanborn, facetiously.

"Ay, Ireland," retorted the girl, wincing at his tone. "Why do we make a by-word and a jest of Ireland? There lived the master-harpers."

She swept the strings stormily, and, as if in protest, began "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls."

"She sang it so," said her father, gently, as the song ceased.

*"And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more,"*

he repeated. "How she loved us to praise her music, girlie! But don't stop; go on."

"Yes; let's have some real songs," clamored Sanborn. "Some rousing good songs. Play 'Dixie,' Molly."

The girl peered through the hammock meshes at her father's averted head and reluctantly complied. With camp-fire vigor the youth shouted, "To arms! To arms!" until the arches rang.

"Now 'My Maryland,'" he insisted; "I must have 'Maryland.'"

And through that bitterest of rebel songs he charged, sparing no detail from the initial "despot's heel" to the final spurning of "Northern scum."

"Lee has surrendered, Tom," the General reminded, when the tuneful tirade had run its course. "Now, Molly, something kindlier. Some old ballad or love-song; 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' or 'Robin Gray.'"

She began Jonson's lyric, in the midst of which Strang came upon them from behind, signing to the

others not to interrupt her. She divined his presence, however, and, ending with a certain constraint, rose at once from the instrument.

"Annot Lyle among the chieftains," said Strang lightly. "Don't you remember how Scott makes her sing to her harp in the castle hall?"

"But she was fairy-like and flaxen-haired and sang in Gaelic," replied the girl readily, "while I—am what I am. Have you listened long?" she asked with seeming carelesseess.

"Only since you began Rare Ben's song. Have I missed so much?"

"So much," she responded with a little laugh of relief. To her stunned ears 'Maryland' had seemed to reverberate to Chapultepec.

He begged her to continue, but she would not be persuaded. Sanborn had unwittingly put her wholly out of patience, and she felt that in her present mood she should strike discord in the choir of heaven itself. Somehow this untoward beginning sounded the keynote for the day. The times were too anxious for merry-making, and young Sanborn became possessed, seemingly, with a demon of petulant contentiousness whose particular object of assault was Philip Strang. Once he was brusque to a degree. The General happened to remark that, to one of his upbringing, the Emperor's court seemed almost a picturesque anachronism, a bit of a past age strangely inlaid in the sober mosaic of the present; and Sanborn seized eagerly upon the opportunity to be offensive.

"It's all a play," he declared dogmatically, "and Maximilian, like any common player, merely speaks his borrowed lines. Napoleon's the playwright and the prompter too."

The General hemmed uneasily at this outburst and sought to create a diversion, but Sanborn ignored all

hints and turned defiantly to Strang for answer. The Englishman's eyes glinted, but when he spoke it was with a manner almost colorless.

"You will admit," he said, "that what you are pleased to call the play has been handsomely staged for your philosophic edification. Witness our company of mummers, talented artists gathered from the four winds; witness the costuming of our dramatis personae: witness our scenery, once used by the distinguished actor Cortés in his play 'The Conquest of Mexico', at which only the most bilious of critics could carp. We invite special attention to the variety of our cast: Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Count of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria, Prince of Hungary and Bohemia, Prince of Loraine and Emperor of Mexico; the Princess Charlotte Marie Amélie Auguste Victoire Clementine Leopoldine, his Empress; their household and guard palatine; the Comte de Bombelles, the Princess Iturbide, a descendant of Montezuma, a marshal of France; divers scions of old world nobility, soldiers of fortune galore, natives of illustrious lineage, Spanish chivalry, French soldiery, Austrians, Belgians, Germans and—" with a bow to his hostess—"sundry charming Americans, late of the Confederate States."

Sanborn stirred irascibly at his irony. "And you English," he put in.

"And we English—"we happy few," pursued Strang, accepting the amendment equably. "Such the players and the stage. It only remains for the philosophic onlooker to classify the play. Is it comedy? Is it history? Is it tragedy? God knows, I sometimes think it all three."

Sanborn felt that he had perpetrated

a heedless gaucherie. It angered him to blunder so, particularly because of Molly, before whose two-and-twenty years he took satisfaction in flaunting the mature wisdom of his five lustres. He knew himself for a callow boy beside this young-old Philip Strang, and, boyishly, resented it.

Before Strang went away he had a word apart with Mary Ravenscroft.

"Why would you not sing again?" he asked.

She had no ready answer and was silent.

"Were you tired?"

"No."

"You sang freely before I came?"

"Yes."

"And you stopped when you knew that I had come?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry. Good night."

"But—"

He swung quickly about.

"But?" he repeated.

"But not altogether because of your coming."

"Ah! then I don't care. Will you tell me the real cause some day?"

"Perhaps—some day."

"What are you two discussing there?" demanded Sanborn, coming upon them.

"The power of music," returned Philip Strang.

When he and his daughter were alone the General freed his mind concerning Sanborn's discourtesy.

"I can't imagine what has come over the young puppy," he concluded, warmly.

Molly smiled a woman's inscrutable smile.

"Could I guess the cause," she answered, "I should call it jealousy."

(To be continued.)



HOW MARS COMMUNICATED WITH THE EARTH

By Ralph Bergengren



ON December 8, 1900, a telegram was sent out from the Lowell Astronomical Observatory at Flagstaff, Ari., announcing with telegraphic simplicity that a projection of light on the north edge of the Icarium Mare, of the planet Mars, had been seen the night before and had lasted seventy minutes. This telegram was received at the Harvard College Observatory in Cambridge, Mass., which, as a distributing center of astronomical news for the Western continent, forwarded it without particular excitement to Kiel, in North Germany, and then continued calmly on its own business. The Kiel Observatory, occupying similar relations to the astronomic interests of the Eastern continent, transmitted the message to other European observatories. By this cycle of operations the news gained universal perusal, and in the case of the French nation an almost universal distortion interesting for two reasons: first, as a revival of the many picturesque theories to which study of this particular planet has given birth; and second, as an illuminative sidelight on the French nation turning its steps into the avenues of sensational journalism.

To establish from this cabled information the idea that communication had been at last accomplished between the planets, "a seductive theory," to quote one of the many articles inspired by it, which immediately se-

duced a large proportion of editorial France, requires some little imagination; one cannot help but think, visibly encouraged by a theory of journalism sometimes supposed to be the exclusive property of a certain small number of newspaper owners in the United States. Under the power of this inspiration the projection, which means simply that one spot upon the surface of Mars glowed for a period of seventy minutes with peculiar brightness, became a series of individual lights of tremendous power, extending in a straight line and thus suggesting an artificial arrangement rather than a natural phenomenon. The planet Mars presumably had either attempted to communicate with the earth, or else the earth had been an unexpected observer at some great Martian holiday. During the month of December this view of the matter found expression in a surprising number of French papers; it ran the gamut from complete acceptance to humorous denial; and it was, alas, foisted upon the American astronomers, Professor Douglas, calmly continuing to observe the planet Mars at Flagstaff, and Professor Pickering, calmly continuing to supervise the photographic labors of the Harvard Observatory. . . .

It must be granted that the Lowell Observatory is indeed particularly interested in Mars. Mr. Percival Lowell who founded it, himself famous for his addition to our knowledge of the planet and his theories regarding the conditions that may exist there, is the author of two enormous volumes filled

with observations. It is from that spot, therefore, that any further information concerning it is most likely to come. December, however, saw no unusual excitement. There are too many scientific theories accounting for the spectacle of the evening of the 7th to make a simple projection of light from the planet anything much more exciting than an astronomic incident; once telegraphed to the Harvard Observatory, and so reported to the world at large, it was considered closed.

It was considered far from closed in France. The "Progres du Nord" announced the news as the "greatest event in history," misquoting Professor Douglas's telegram and italicizing the statement that "these luminous fires lasted one hour and ten minutes"—a statement of the time curiously more effective than the simple seventy minutes of the despatch—stating, indeed, that the American astronomers believed themselves to have witnessed an attempt by the astronomers of Mars to communicate with the earth, and declaring that it remained only to find out a means of answer, and so establish a régime of regular communication between earth and planet. "Le Voltaire" declared that a telegram from the planet Mars had been received on earth. The "Independant" said, "It is on December 8, that this extraordinary event has happened at the great Observatory at Flagstaff," and explained seriously that we had two months in which to answer. "Le Messager de Bruxelles" bemoaned it that the Martians had shown themselves our scientific superiors. These are but a few out of the many. On the other side there were, naturally, the cohorts of the opposition, and the unconscious American astronomers were subject to most violent discussion—discussion

so heated as to very generally spell Flagstaff with an "o" and Professor Pickering with any one of several erroneous combinations of letters.

The hope of communicating with Mars occupies at present a position somewhat comparable to the Fountain of Youth in the days of American discovery; whether it will be proved to have better foundation remains for the future to decide. The French Academy has had for many years the guardianship of 20,000 francs to be given to the person who shall open interplanetary communication—a prize, had the message of December 8 been of the significance at which so many French writers estimated it, that would have been open to debate between Professor Douglas at Flagstaff and whoever originated the supposed signals on the border of the Icarium sea; for the Martian might justly have claimed that his was the hand that opened the line; to which Professor Douglas might have answered that the prize was meant for a mortal and not a martian, and that the latter might exist without a bank account at such an inconvenient distance. This at least is the deduction of the French press, which here again falls into curious error; for the prize is, in fact, limited by the exclusion of Mars, that planet being, in the opinion of the donor, too near the earth to warrant so substantial a reward for communicating with it.

What is known and what has been variously theorized concerning the planet Mars would make a picturesque and interesting volume. That the planet comes at fixed intervals within studiable distance of the earth has given it a special prominence. It has been mapped, photographed, measured, and is better known in its geographical aspects than any other planet. Its more intimate study be-

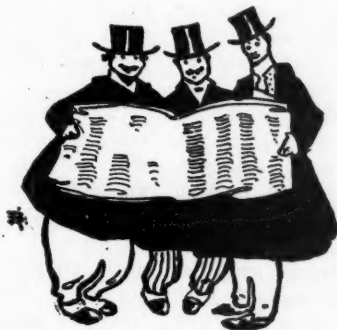
gan with the astronomer Huyghens, in the reign of Louis XIV. The discovery of certain geographical markings which we suppose to be seas and of certain straight lines covering the surface of the planet and apparently connecting them, lines now known as the canals of Mars and responsible for many of our theories concerning its inhabitants, was made soon after.

On the 17th of March, 1764, "La Pays," a journal of the French empire, announced the actual finding of the body of Martian shut up in an aerolite; but unfortunately for the credit of "La Pays" the aerolite was proved to be nothing more uncommon than a plain terrestrial sepulchre and the "Martian" was as speedily forgotten as ordinary mortality.

It is but fair to the French press, however, to admit that this December madness did not have the whole field, although the temptation to sensational headlines was almost invariably too strong to resist; and that Mons. Camille Flammarion, famous both for practical scientific work and for his less generally accepted theories, did not give credit to the report that such

communication had actually been opened. His reasons were not wholly scientific, but rather human; his own statements made recently in "La Nouvelle Revue" very well crystalize the picturesqueness of deductions which he is not the only writer who has based upon long and careful astronomical study.

"As for me," says M. Flammarion, speaking of the inhabitants of Mars, "I rather envy them. A world where it is always beautiful, where there are neither tempests nor cyclones, where the years are twice as long as ours, where the kilogram is of 376 grams, and where, therefore, men and women who here weigh 70 kilos there weigh only 26, and where, in a word, everything is lighter, more delicate and more refined." And in another place he goes further, pointing out that if the Martians wished to communicate with us they would doubtless have made the effort many times in the past and probably long ago abandoned it, deciding it a hopeless business to attempt communication with a planet so stupid.



"FLEAGAN"

By Lilian True Bryant

HE walked into Miss Bulia Pettingill's kitchen one May morning, just as the clock on the shelf behind the kitchen stove was striking nine. A beard of tangled yellow hid the lower part of his face, but the eyes that surveyed with satisfaction every nook and corner of the tidy room were good and true. You would have known that the room belonged to Miss Bulia; it was so distinctively like her. Quaint and prim and as old-fashioned as the boxed beds blossoming under the windows, in spite of the few articles of modern furniture scattered here and there.

Miss Bulia was a woman of means, and, therefore, a law unto herself. No other kitchen near Peter's Hill was the proud possessor of an oilcloth covering the entire floor. No other kitchen could boast of a flour barrel that moved with serene grace and dignity upon a pair of invisible rollers; or of a stove with a tank at one end for hot water and a shelf at the other for warming numerous plates and dishes. Even the hard-bottomed, yellow-painted chairs shared the restful sense of superiority over their neighbors, and tried to outrival the gold of the sunlight flooding the room. And yet, in spite of these touches of modern life, over all lay the stamp of New England Puritanism.

It was Tuesday morning, and Miss Bulia stood at the ironing table with her back toward the door, carefully smoothing the wrinkles from a red cotton tablecloth, preparatory to ironing it. A blue and white checked apron covered her faded gown, and

her gray-brown hair was strained from her forehead into a tiny wisp at the back of her head, and held there with an imitation shell hairpin. She was frowning, pursing her lips and bringing her eyebrows together into a straight line over the snapping black eyes that watched over the interests of the little house and the good-sized yellow barn, and the rocky pasture sloping down the hill to the railroad track and the smooth green intervals beyond.

She wouldn't have men folks traipsin' around and litterin' up the house unless 'twas seedin' or hayin' time, she said; so Jabez Hatch came up from the valley road morning and night to do the chores, and until recently Miss Bulia had spent the remaining hours alone.

The man in the doorway watched her for a moment as her arm swept steadily back and forth over the red cotton cloth. She hesitated, wet the tip of her finger with her tongue and tried the iron, then frowned still more and turned toward the glowing stove.

"Land sakes," she gasped as she saw the motionless figure in the doorway. "How you scairt me. What you doin' here? This ain't no place for men folks."

"Ain't it?" The man smiled pleasantly, till blue eyes and tawny beard seemed a mass of twinkles. "Want 'em!" he asked, holding out a bunch of pink and white mayflowers.

The iron dropped with a crash on the floor. "It was a new-fangled one with a handle of wood that clapped

on convenient when 'twas wanted, and one handle would do for a dozen," the clerk at the village store had told her as she hesitated in making the purchase. She knew then that she would drop it, likely's not on her lame foot; and to do that was a sure sign of sickness. But it hadn't happened on a Friday, she reasoned. That might have meant a death, and she shivered nervously at the thought.

"Thanks; no help's needed," she interposed grimly as the man stepped forward. He laid the flowers on the table beside her, and two pink spots flamed suddenly into her faded face. Poor Miss Bulia. It was years since a bunch of mayflowers had been brought to her with the stems twisted and knotted together, and bits of moss and earth still clinging to the fresh, sweet blossoms hidden among their crisp leaves. It was a soft May evening then, and she wore a pink calico with tiny rosebuds on it, and sat on the front steps watching for the first glimpse of a dark figure hurrying up the hill. He was young then, and so was she, and life was rich and beautiful . . . pshaw . . . what ailed her this morning.

"I s'pose you want somethin' to eat?" she said gruffly, because tugging away at her heart strings was the pain which a lonely woman carries with her to the end. "Got a mark on my house so the next'll turn in here too?"

"I ain't that kind," said the man.

"Ain't? You look like it."

"No; I ain't," he returned pleasantly. "Mind if I set here a bit?"

"Yes, I do mind," she answered snappily. "I'm not used to havin' folks watch me work; more particularly men folks. I s'pose you'll be hungry come along noon."

"Shouldn't be surprised," he answered imperturbably, rising with unruffled calm and turning to the door.

Then the woman in her came uppermost; for under the faded, angular exterior beat as warm a heart as ever longed and hungered for love and home and the rights of womanhood, and spent itself on patches of flowers and tidied rooms, and in viewing other people's lives from afar. Oh the poor starved women in the world, with their one swift vision of happiness in their girlhood, and then the bitter aftermath of long years of loneliness. A great joy had recently come to Miss Bulia; but so recently, that as yet the angular lines and the nervous note in her voice had had no time to fade and die away.

"Come back," she said more gently. "I ain't always so quick spoken, but I've had a terrible tryin' mornin', takin' it all in all. Ever made any soap?"

Her listener involuntarily spread out his hands. Then he laughed.

"No," he said, as her eyes followed the movement. "I ain't had much use for it lately, trampin'."

"What you trampin' for?" she questioned.

"Had to."

"What's your name?"

"Fleagan. Flea, for short. It's a good name. I stop here and then I stop there, and then I stop somewhere else, jus' like a flea. Somethin' tells me I'd better up and get, and so I have to."

"What do you do for a livin'?"

"Work. I ain't afraid of work. I don't want to work all the time in one spot, though, unless I happen to feel like it. That's where the trouble comes in."

"I'm more'n half inclined to believe him," mused Miss Bulia with her hand on the iron. "Seem's if you'd got on Joseph's coat," she said aloud. "Where'd you get it?"

"Ain't it." The man smoothed the garment with gentle fingers. "Ain't it," he repeated dreamily.

Originally, it had been brown, without doubt, but back and fronts and sleeves were covered with patches. Some were red; some were green; some like a bit of flowered window curtain; and one was the tender purple of an old woman's gown.

"Pretty, I think," said the man softly. "That's my di'ry, so to speak. Wherever I've been I've had a patch put on—mos' generally the night before I left—so's to remember 'em by. One's from a nice old lady," and he smoothed the bit of purple on the sleeve. "Helped her through a winter. Didn't have any too much to eat, either of us; but we got through it somehow, and when I come to go I says: 'Ma'am, I can't stay no longer; will yer fasten on a patch?' So up she got and rummaged round in a chest and hunted out this piecin' of purple, which was some of her weddin' clo'es. I can see her now, settin' in the doorway with the sun shinin' on her white hair as she stitched it on. I hated to go—seem's if I ought to have stayed—but I had to. When I get comfortable and happy in a place then I know it's jus' the time for me to up and get. Fact is, ma'am, I do' know's I've amounted to much. Guess I haven't, on the whole: and of late I've been growing kind ashamed of it. There was allers a gallivantin' streak in me from the time I was born. Mother thought 'twas the Lord's doin's, and that He'd a great work cut out for me; but mother was allers seein' good in Sodom, so to speak.

"Well, I got religion to please her. She lotted on my bein' an Evangelist, and calculated 'twould turn my reslessness to some account, because then I could go from place to place prayin'. So, as I said, I turned pious and got religion. It was easy enough off there on the farm, but it wa'n't so easy come to get out among folks. The

devil wa'n't meant to be black, and folks never ought to have painted him that. It's misleading—unless 'twas meant to show how he looked on the inside. Outside he should have been white and smooth and smilin' and soft-spoken and kind; and I do' know's he ought to have been a man, either. Seems 's if the men weren't allers to blame.

"Well, I sneaked along through considerable many years, pretendin' I was doin' the Lord's work and all the time knowin' I was just lazin' it along instead of workin'; and then there come a time when I got fairly well ashamed of myself. Ain't no cause for me to tell you why, but there's the fact. So I says to myself, 'Now you've got this streak of gaddin' born in you, and it's more'n likely that there's folks along the road that need lookin' after. You set out and make up for the years that you've been takin' up collections and talkin' what you didn't believe 'mong poor folks that didn't have too much anyhow, and believed you 'cause you knew how to sing hymns that your mother taught you.' So I've been at it ever since, keepin' my conscience quiet—workin' for jus' enough pay to live on, but tryin' to do more'n I needed to; and it seemed as if the only way to kill out this gallivantin' streak in me was to up and get jus' when I mos' naturally wouldn't—as if I was levellin' up my shortcomings, so to speak. But there! I ain't called upon to tell you all this," he said, thoughtfully, with a quick glance at the sunny room and sweet-scented blossoms. "It ain't done no harm, though, as I sha'n't be likely to meet your folks again. Maybe the Spring got into me comin' up the hill. Anyhow, I guess I'd better be joggin'. Morn', ma'am."

He waved a deferential and not wholly ungraceful salute, and stepped from the doorway. Miss Bulia's keen

black eyes flashed a swift glance into his blue ones as he turned. "Like's not he's lyin'," she thought, but an indisputable look of pain on his face convinced her.

"Come with me," she said abruptly, leading the way around the corner of the house into the garden. "There." She pointed with a brisk hand at a barrel from which was drip-dropping, drip-dropping, a dark, golden brown liquid. "That barrel's gone back on me three times already this morning," she said irritably. "Like's not it will again. If you feel disposed to set here and watch it a while, and help me with the soap later on, I don't know why you ain't earnin' somethin' to eat."

Then she went back to the house and took up her iron again. She made a few strokes, put it down, and suddenly gathering the pink and white mayflowers into her hands, sat down on one of the yellow-painted chairs and cried as if her heart would break. All the loneliness and longing and starved needs of her nature, pent up for years, suddenly pouring forth at the sight of the sweet faced blossoms.

"Bulia Pettingill, ain't you got no sense?" she demanded finally, wiping her eyes with a corner of her apron; but she placed the flowers in a glass of water, and set them in the sunshine flickering across the window sill. Meanwhile, the man had turned toward the barrel, standing tipsily upon a three-legged stool, and fastened with ragged ropes at an angle sufficient for the lye to drop with persistent regularity into the wooden pail beneath. The ropes were twisted and knotted as if by unskilled fingers, and the barrel lurched unhappily to one side. Fleagan sat down on a log of wood, and, placing a hand on either knee, contentedly surveyed the landscape before him. A freight train was lazily

crawling across the intervalles below, leaving a faint trail of smoke behind. Patches of snow still lingered on the mountains, and the air came clear and cool across the valley. His eyes followed the road winding down the hillside, and he looked critically at the short, steep pasture up which he had come from the track below. Great shadows of woods lay here and there, and far and far away on the horizon, just at the most eastern point, gleamed a long line of silver, white against the clear morning sky. There was always a spot of brightness on his horizon fairer than the present, and turning his attention toward the barrel of ashes, he gave the rope a gentle pull. Snap! went the straightened cord, splash flew the lye as the pail partially overturned, then righted itself. He flung his arms around the barrel with a single explosive "Damn."

"Man," came suddenly in a reproachful voice, "Man, you've said a bad word." Then with a quick change of inflection. "Oooooeee, take your feet away. The lye will turn your boots all red. Why don't you mind me, Man."

Fleagan turned, peering over the careening barrel; but no one was in sight.

"Man," came again the imperious voice. "You *are* spoiling your boots."

Fleagan's sense of humor was keen, but there were times when it became inconvenient. Steadying the dripping barrel, he turned slowly and cautiously, farther and farther till the small scrap of femininity behind him came into view. Then he laughed. Laughed till the tears came.

"Who might you be?" he ventured, peering down at her.

A diminutive pair of overalls reached from ankle to waist, into which skirts and apron had been skilfully tucked. A broad-brimmed hat of white cotton

hung by its strings around her neck, while the chubby hands grasped firmly a small mud cake.

"I'm Aunt Bulia's Merrigold. I comed to her one day. Have you come, too?"

"No," said Fleagan slowly, fastening his eyes on the mass of tangled curls covering her dainty head. "I'm Flea. I don't belong anywhere."

"Jes' plain Flea?"

"Jes plain Flea."

"Then you must be God's Flea," said the child gravely. "I was God's before I was Aunt Bulia's. See. He colored our hair most alike, didn't He?" pulling one of her curls to its full length, and quietly surveying it. Then with infinite witchery her face broke into dimpling laughter. "Do you like apple pie?" she asked, holding out the mud cake with sweet graciousness.

Something fierce tugged at Fleagan's heart, and swept the tears into his eyes. It was so long, so many weary years since he had felt a bond of companionship with any human being.

"Thanks," he said gravely, accepting the offering.

Bulia Pettingill was crazy, gossiped the neighbors on the valley road. Just like her father for all the world, canterin' off on some cranky notion all the time. First adoptin' a child that had been left on her doorstep from the land-knows-where; and then hirin' a tramp to do the summer gardenin' and the putterin' about the place. If they found her dead and buried some fine day they wouldn't be one mite surprised. But Fleagan staid.

It was better for Merrigold to have a man somewhere near in case anything should happen, reasoned Miss Bulia; and the shed chamber where he slept was apart from the rest of the

house. She locked away her spoons with secret care at first, and unlocked them again with quick shame, as month after month went by, and Fleagan, quiet, unassuming, gentle, worked through the long hours, asking little compensation save the sunny companionship of the dimpled figure that bobbed here and there in the blue overalls, with the crown of golden hair under the white cotton hat.

A year went by, then three months and another three months, and winter came and went, and then one day he awoke to the fact that he was overpoweringly happy.

"Oh God, I ain't, I ain't," he begged. "Gimme something more to bear, so I'll have a right to stay here a little longer." Then with fierce desperation, "Ain't I done enough good yet, and suffered enough, to pay for the bad that's left behind?"

The old uneasiness came into his veins. He fought against it, prayed against it, but to no purpose. Ringing in his ears with morbid persistence was the old cry: "I ain't fit—I ain't fit for most folks. I've got to get out."

One Saturday night he brought out the old coat. Miss Bulia was far down in the garden. Merrigold sat on the steps of the porch gloomily surveying a rent in her blue overalls; and Fleagan carried the coat to her.

"Honey," he said, "I want yer to put a little patch on here. See? Jus' inside where it will keep me warm come cold weather."

"Don't want to," said Merrigold. "I've torn my overalls, and Aunt Bulia will scold."

"Just a little one, honey," he pleaded. "I'll help."

So the child placed the scraggly, wandering stitches here and there as he directed, while in and through his gentle speech with her wove the cry of silent despair.

"That's right, darlin'—Oh God, let me stay. Now don't prick your fingers, honey. Take it jus' so," with infinite patience and tenderness as she guided the needle unsteadily through the rough cloth, while above her his hopeless face was lifted in its cry for help.

"Gimme a right to be happy," he pleaded. "Tell me I've paid my debt. Tell me I'm fit for decent folks. I wa'n't nothin' but a boy; jus' a tool in their hands for them to work with. God above us—tell me. Yer've forgotten and forgiven it, and that a man can hold up his head side of folks who ain't never had no temptin's to do wrong, if he's willin' to wring out his life tryin' to pay for it—There, there, darlin', ain't that pretty. Didn't know how nice t'was goin' to look, did yer? Now we're most through. Jus' a stitch here and there, and it'll keep me nice and warm come winter-time, when I get lonesome. Couldn't yer give me a little kiss to go with it, Merrigold, dear? Jus' one? 'Cause somehow I'm kind of lonesome to-night?"

"Don't want to," said Merrigold, mournfully, poking her fingers through the ragged rent in her overalls. "I've done something dreadful, and I feel bad."

"So do I," said Fleagan, noting with quick eye Miss Bulia's whereabouts as he went into the house with the faded coat under his arm.

Supper was early on Sunday nights, and the sun was still above the mountains as Fleagan slipped quietly out of the house into the orchard and thence to the pasture beyond. He walked steadily on till he came to a huge boulder almost at the crest of the hill, and then turned for a final look at the quiet farmhouse behind him. The sun's rays flung a blaze of glory against the windows. Bobbing

back and forth under the trees was a little blue object, and the man's heart gave a sudden wrench at the sight.

"Go back and face Miss Bulia like a man," urged one voice in his ears.

"Slip out without anybody's knowin' and she'll think 'twas just the gallivantin' streak," whispered the other.

And Fleagan stood helplessly before them, torn this way, and that. The jangle of a cow-bell made him turn from force of habit.

"Brindle's come home at last," he thought, dully. "Wonder who'll take care of her?"

He looked doggedly down at the ground. Before him lay a patch of mayflowers, the pink and white blossoms peeping here and there from the brown leaves. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he stooped and gathered a handful, tearing them up by the roots. Then he turned toward the valley, and as he did so around the corner came a freight train, the jar and rumble sounding curiously harsh on the quiet Sunday air. From one of the cars a man dropped stealthily, and a moment or two later picked himself up and shambled uncertainly down the track. Fleagan watched him with staring eyes, his very hands trembling. Then he hurried across the pasture, back through the orchard and into the pantry where Miss Bulia stood mixing the meal for the morning's cakes.

"I got all ready to go away," he said doggedly, without preface; "but I had to come back."

Miss Bulia's mixing spoon fell with a clatter against the dish as she faced him. "What for?" she asked, a strange harshness in her voice, but without further sign of emotion, either of surprise or dismay.

"Ain't you happy here?"

"Happy," repeated Fleagan, dully. "Happy," with a dreary laugh. "I'm goin' away because I ain't no right to

stay here. Because I lied to yer. Because I ain't fit to stay with you and Merrigold and I knew it all the time. Because when I come up the hill that May mornin' into the quiet and freshness and peace up here, and the sunshine and blue sky, I knew 'twas the one place under the Lord's heavens where I could feel like a man. I did get religion. I did set out to be an 'Vangelist 'mong folks in a town where they thought I was somebody; but I didn't stay there. I told yer half. The other half I got behind prison bars. Got wearin' cursed striped things that took the heart and life and self-feelin' out of a man. Got lookin' out at the sky through a square inch window, and cryin' for the freedom I'd sold. That's where I got my religion. That's why when I come out I couldn't stay no-where. I couldn't take crops with this one and weather with that and 'lection with the other. That's why I'd get oneasy and feel as if I'd better be movin'. If I was all bad I wouldn't have minded; but I wan't. And to-night I was goin' off and leave yer, and down on the track, shamblin' along was a man like what I've lived with, and I hadn't dast to go off and leave you and Merrigold after that. That's why I come back."

Miss Bulia met him with all the clear-sightedness of New England in her steady eyes. "Ain't you 'shamed," she said. "A great, strong, well man like you skulkin' through the world, meeched from one place to another, and thinkin' you're doin' the Lord's will by scuttlin' around and sneakin' into His Kingdom through a back winder, when all he wants you to do is to put out your best foot and walk in through the front gate. Ain't you got some good, clean years sence you come out? Ain't you earned the respect of every human critter that's known you

here for two solid years? What you thinkin' about your feelin's all the time for? That ain't no way to do. What you measurin' yourself with other folks for, and hangin' your head if you ain't as big as they be."

Then with sudden loneliness she turned to him. "Fleagan," she said gently. "There ain't no livin' soul but has got somethin', big or little, hid away that he's ashamed of, that he wishes hadn't happened, and wouldn't do over again. But the Lord ain't demandin' compound interest. It's only human beings that do that, Fleagan. Hold up your head and take a good, searchin' look at your past once and for all, and then cover it up and stretch out your hands to the Lord and walk right out of it into better livin'. Merrigold's very life may have been a sin, for all I know; but that ain't goin' to keep her from bein' a good woman. If you've been behind prison bars gettin' your religion, I've been behind bars of selfishness and snappishness and narrer thinkin' losin' mine, till Merrigold come to me, and —and you," with pathetic self-surrender.

"Fleagan, dear, dear Fleagan," came Merrigold's voice through the open door, "Brindle's come home, and she's brought the beautifullest little baby cow with her. Oh, Fleagan, do hurry!"

The man and woman faced each other—he with his head flung back as if throwing aside forever the shackles of his dead self, she with quivering lips and a new-found dependence.

Without a word he laid the bunch of mayflowers in her worn hands, closing her fingers, still dusty with meal from her unfinished work, tightly over them. Then with a firm, strong step he walked out of the door, leaving her smiling and crying, her tears falling fast on the fresh, sweet-faced blossoms.

A JOURNALISTIC INNOVATION

By James A. Braden

"THINGS couldn't be in much worse shape," Editor McCloud, of "The New Republic" very seriously told himself, as he computed the receipts and expenditures of several preceding weeks. "From the brightest standpoint, nominal earnings do not pay expenses, and the editor and proprietor cannot live on doubtful glory. There is not a copper cent in the office, and not a nickle in sight. It certainly is remarkable that I could never figure it out in this way before the paper was started."

The deep study into which McCloud fell was broken by the appearance of a coatless, under-grown boy of sixteen, sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, face, hands and clothes plentifully besmeared with the black grime from type, his forehead shaded by overhanging, dusty hair, cropping out beneath the battered crown of a straw hat tilted over his right ear. Apparently gazing from the window, but intently watching the editor until the latter looked up. "How about getting some dough?" he asked in a confidential undertone.

"Why, Josy, I haven't opened the safe yet, and am very busy just now," was the reply.

"Oh, 'at's all right," returned the boy with a cheerful grin, "I'm clean out of smokin' and chewin', but I know where my face is good. Say, though, wadche think the guy 'at solicits fer the 'Leader' says to me? I seen 'im at the ball game yest'dy, an' he says: 'Kid, ye gettin' rich workin' fer 'The New Republic?' ' An' I says: 'Well,

we t'rowed out a half page ad Sat'd'y, fer want o' room, and was run clean out of papers, an' kids hollerin' fer more, afore noon."

"Now, Joe, it isn't our policy to lie about our circulation or anything else," McCloud admonished, though there was little reproof in his tone and less in his smile; "I hope you won't do it again. What did he say?"

"Oh, he says he thinks he has a photograph of it, an' I says they'd better quit croppin' so much out o' our sheet; an' then he says, 'Ah, g'wan; you'll be explodin' a bomb 'round yere — youse anarchists ain't to be trusted.' "

"So he called us anarchists, did he? Well, my boy, they are the real anarchists—the real enemies of society. But it is their ignorance of the first principles of a really civilized social condition that makes them so, and we must pity rather than condemn."

"Talk about ign'rance! Why, them 'Leader' guys don't know 'nough to—"

"Perhaps you'd better throw in a little type, Josy," the editor suggested.

Reluctantly the boy turned away, but quickly his demeanor changed. Executing a strange dance—knees bent outward, arms extended before him, and hands hanging limply from the wrists—he went out of the room whistling. "I'm Living the Life of a Millionaire."

McCloud watched him, wishing he could be as blithe, wondering how long the boy would be loyal, as farther and farther apart his pay days came; for steadily the working force

of "The New Republic" had dwindled, and Joe was the only one left. The bookkeeper-stenographer was the first to be dispensed with; then the young man who combined the offices of reporter and solicitor found regular pay days elsewhere, and his duties also McCloud added to his already too burdensome work. Believing expenses could be further reduced by hiring printers for Friday and Friday night only, and a pressman for Saturday when the paper was issued, he helped his two men of all work find other jobs, and only the "devil" remained.

With lips compressed, McCloud returned to the proposition he had long refrained from facing: Greater revenue must be forthcoming at once, or "The New Republic" must find a place in that cemetery where graves are marked by blasted hopes and haunted by ghosts of bank accounts.

"The first necessity," he reflected, "is to shut of the outrageous loss on circulation. To stop the papers of those who don't pay, seems easy, but it will ruin circulation, without which we would soon be without advertising—and without a constituency to educate. Circulation we must have—Confound it all! If what we have were on a cash basis it would practically pay expenses; a single thousand papers at three cents net would give us \$30 per week. If "The Republic" could be introduced to 3000 of the right class of readers, I'd risk being able to hold them. Eliminate the ifs—"

The outer door was thrown violently open and a bare-footed boy swaggered in.

"Want my pay," he growled, half way to the editor's desk; "I ain't go'n to carry no more."

"I believe there's nothing due you, Ratty," calling the lad by the only name he knew him to possess; "you

haven't settled for the extras you took out Saturday. How many did you sell?"

"Didn't sell none," doggedly.

"Where are the papers?"

"Lost 'em, I tell ye," fiercely.

"Lost them? Young man, you're lying; you know you're lying. There's fifty cents due you for carrying your route, but you owe the office ninety cents for thirty extras, and you must account for them."

"Is that so?" the boy cried, defiantly.

"Is that so?" he repeated with all scorn he could command. "I'll put this yere office on the bum, that's what I'll do! I'll get the union after you, an'—"

"I'll get the policeman after you," McCloud replied, briskly. "Now you vamoose! Skedaddle!"

With a reiteration of his intention of putting the office in the questionable position mentioned, the boy swaggered forth, and the editor sighed woefully: "To think of being at the mercy of such little rascals to have the papers delivered; swindled by them right and left because they cannot be given proper attention."

"Wish't I had a nickle fer some fly-paper!" It was Joe. He came hopping in on one foot as though it were the only approved mode of locomotion.

"I don't see how the flies bother you in that dark back room, Joe,"

"Well, they're always buzzin' on 'at little window, an' it makes me fidgity. I killed 'bout twenty, but I can't be killin' flies all day!"

"I'll try to remember to bring some fly-paper when I come from lunch. Have you your case thrown in?" the editor asked, impatiently.

Dejectedly the boy moved away without answering. "W'at time is it?" he grumbled, standing in the doorway.

Had he for one moment guessed

the harvest which was to spring from the boy's rejected request—had he known that a tiny pebble had been cast into a sea of adversity, causing waves of high-tide prosperity to set toward him, McCloud would have answered with less asperity.

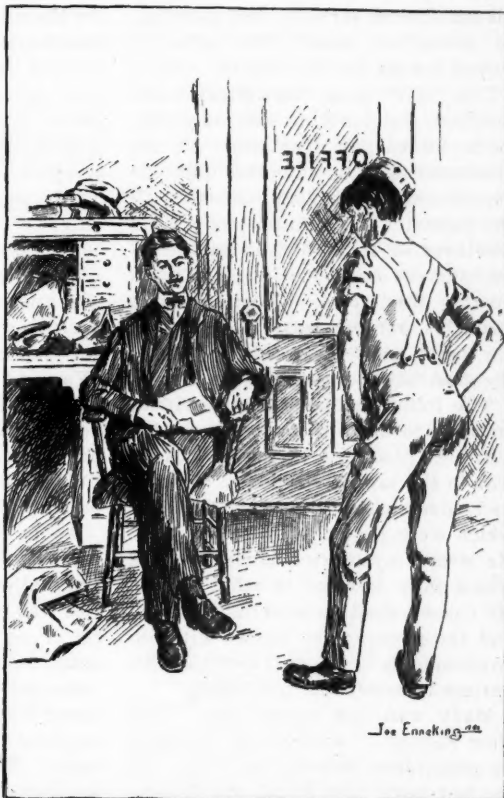
"Almost noon. I'm going out; keep your eye on the office."

"Well, I'll have to be goin' to dinner myself, pretty soon," the boy ruefully suggested, but McCloud was half way down the dingy stairway and did not hear.

Coming to the street he looked at his watch and at a restaurant meal-ticket, one number in which remained unpunched. With the poor consolation of anticipating a double appetite for supper, he passed the restaurant by.

Brisk walking helped shake off his depression and he came soon to a secluded corner of the park and threw himself upon a rustic bench. "Now for business," he declared, with pencil and note-book, full of figures, in hand. Intently he pondered what should be done. Many plans vaguely shaped themselves in his mind, but ever as he seemed about to solve the problem came the annoying memory of Joe's simple request for fly-paper, upsetting everything. He must secure it or he would hate to face the boy when he returned. In vain he sought to put all thought of the petty subject from him. It ever came uppermost. And at last with it came a novel idea. "If it could

be done," he whispered, and smiled, and then, vehemently, "It is worth trying!" and springing up he rapidly returned to the office. The more he thought of it the greater his enthusi-



"How about getting some dough?" he asked in a confidential undertone.

asm grew. All his old ardor and confidence returned.

"Joe, you are a gentleman and a scholar," he exclaimed jovially, the boy bouncing out of the editorial chair as he entered. "Take a half day off this afternoon."

"Say, guess you had a pretty good feed!" the boy cried gleefully, and then, his animation disappearing in-

stantly, "But I ain't feelin' right good myself, to-day, an' 'at's a fact. Seein' there ain't nothin' to do, guess I will stay to home 'safternoon. An' if there's any comps I'll take 'em along fer my sister to go to the Casino. An' I guess I'll get around early, in the morning, an' sweep out once." The latter by way of thanks for the tickets.

The "devil" gone, the editor locked the door, and entering the composing room, locked that door also. All the afternoon and far into the night he experimented with flour, molasses, all the ingredients of printers' rollers and whatever he could find about the establishment or secure on trust at a nearby drug store. When morning came his purpose was accomplished. He would make "The New Republic" the most talked of paper in the city.

The following days found McCloud, striving to make the next issue the best ever produced, by far the busiest man in the town. Moreover, he solicited advertising. He wrote bulletins which were posted in store windows. He wrote mysterious advertisements which were inserted in other papers. He caused dead walls to be placarded and the streets to be strewn with announcements of an extraordinary departure in newspaper publishing.

Many who had never read "The New Republic" waited with curiosity its appearance Saturday morning. On the first page they found the double-headed announcement of the widely-heralded innovation. Concisely it stated that to add to the actual value of the paper to the purchaser, the management of "The New Republic" had invented, and would use during the summer months, a process by which the paper would be made to serve a double purpose—having been read, it could be spread out and the glazed surface of the inside pages dampened, immediately making of

them a superior quality of sticky fly paper. The glazing of the pages in no way interfered with their being read, nor did they become adhesive except by first being dampened.

The paper was in enormous demand. On Monday morning McCloud paid off the chattel mortgage whereby he had secured funds to execute his plans, and the permanent success of the paper appeared a certainty. The metropolitan press contained graphic accounts of the novel departure. Trade papers discussed the scheme at length. The gratis advertising received was invaluable.

From far and near subscriptions and advertising came, and in receipt of overdue wages and an increased salary, Joe danced and sang triumphantly. "Ye can't keep 'em from gettin' stuck on our sheet now," he cried to the young women employed at the glazing process, and further informed them: "We worked all night gettin' up the patent."

As the novelty wore off, the demand for "The New Republic" decreased, especially in its home city. The opposite was true in Bloomville, the capital of an adjoining county. From a small number originally ordered by an unknown agent, the Bloomville circulation had so grown that a wagon was required to take the papers to the train. With curious interest McCloud watched the demand increase. More and more he seriously considered removing his office to Bloomville.

Dressed with unusual care, one morning, determined to visit the neighbor city and inspect its possibilities, he hurried to the office to see the mail, before going to the station. A letter in the familiar scrawl of the Bloomville agent, was the first he picked up. He opened it, and superlative astonishment and rising ire were written on his countenance as he

read. He ground his teeth and scowled, and brought his clenched fist down upon his desk as though he would demolish it. "A monumental ignoramus!" he hoarsely hissed, and paced about enraged. It was an hour before his blood grew cool; then, smiling grimly, he smoothed the crumpled sheet and read again:

"Dear Sir, i ben having good luck with yur fly Paper but there is getting more competisbon and els you use Paper that ain't Printed on i don't want it no more. yurs trooly

P. Flannagan.

P s

if you use Paper that has ben Printed becos it is cheeper i cant stand for no rase in Price if you use new Paper."

Twice Joe came to the door of the editorial room. Twice he retreated upon seeing McCloud stretched out in

his chair, his eyes open, but sightless. He came a third time, out of patience and ready to burst with the enormity of the thought which possessed him. He coughed loudly. The editor looked up.

"Say, I got a great scheme," he said in joyous confidence. "W'at's the matter with printin' 'er on wall paper when the fly season's over?"

For a minute McCloud strangely stared at him, the boy embarrassed for the first time in his life, twisting himself into torturous positions.

"We'll think about it," the editor said dryly. And still blankly staring: "I was going to tell you, Joe, to send the Bloomville man 500 sheets of plain glazed paper this week, and the usual number of printed papers. Send no more till I tell you. I'm thinking of getting a new agent there."

WITH SPRING'S RETURN

A LITTLE path, a woodland path,

It leads beside the stream
Where, leaning o'er a mossy bank,
The daisies nod and dream.
My love a-down this olden way,
With tresses floating free,
With glowing face and lips a-smile,
Comes back again to me.

Her airy footsteps, drawing near,
Be swift, Oh Spring, to greet;
And with thy softest grasses spread
A carpet for her feet.
Sing, little robins, build and sing
The leafy aisles along,
That she may come with blithesome
step
Attuned to gayest song.

Oh, little path, forgotten path,

I follow you no more.
I know 'tis only thro' my dreams
Your way lies as of yore.
'Tis but across the lonely years—
A dreary waste to see!
That Spring, with gentle, tender hand,
Leads back my love to me.

The little way we walked in life
Seems shadowy and far;
Love's sun has set, but thro' the gray
Shines one clear, steadfast star.
And tho' time make more deep the dusk
That shrouds the days that were,
Love's star will sometime light the
path
That leads me back to her!

Minnie Reid French

ABIGAIL

By Dallas Lore Sharp

JUST how Nabal came to have the fair and spirited Abigail to wife we do not know; but one thing is certain—he was none of her choosing.

Nabal's pastures extended over a wide range of valleys along the edge of the Wilderness of Paran. He was an exceedingly rich man, with no less than three thousand sheep and a thousand goats scattered among the wild hills. And as his possessions, so was his danger and dread.

The Wilderness was the home of outlaws and robber bands that lived by pillage, while from the rockier, more desert south, when the night fell, came the wolves. It was no uncommon thing for Nabal to wake at the distant rumble of a lion.

Saul was king in Jerusalem, but his sway stopped at the edge of the Wilderness. No captain, judge or king had ever ruled here—none till the young pretender was driven here by the old king. Samuel had poured the anointing oil on David's head; and Saul in his rage and jealousy had driven him like a beast to the mountains. Here, with four hundred followers, with a cave for a camp, the young king waited till his time should come.

While he waited he watched the wilderness, and brought law and safety to the hills. The shepherds soon felt his influence, none of them sooner than Nabal, and they pushed farther and farther up the valleys, among the richer, ungrazed pastures. Nabal's herdsmen had wandered into the neighborhood of the cave of Adullam,

the stronghold of David, and had even mingled with his men, without losing a sheep. When the time of the shearing came, they led back such flocks to Carmel as Nabal had never seen come from the Wilderness before.

Harried by Saul, as a hare by hounds, the band of Four Hundred shifted back and forth among the hills, subsisting on the scanty meat of the Wilderness and such as the shepherds, in their gratitude, offered; but never foraging among the flocks that had wandered into their hands.

During the weeks preceding the sheep shearing Saul had made a determined effort to hunt down the young Bethlehemite, pressing him from pass to pass, from mountain to mountain, scattering his band and allowing him no chance to rest. Food was scarce at this season, and when the chase was given up the hounded band was worn out and starving.

Camp was made near the village of Carmel, where Nabal's herdsmen had driven his sheep for the shearing. The shearing, like the threshing, was a festive season. The choicest of the flocks were slaughtered and meat was plentiful. When, therefore, some one suggested to David that it was shearing time, and that Nabal had rounded his flocks at Carmel yonder, ten men were picked and dispatched to the village to beg a gift of meat.

It was no more than a stranger might ask. But this was no ordinary stranger's request. There was not a shepherd in the Wilderness who had not heard of David, who had not to thank him for the return of more sheep

that year than his followers could have used had they helped themselves. Nabal knew all this, even better than most of the shepherds; and who, than he, thought the young King, would more gladly acknowledge his debt by a gift of meat in this time of need?

Clad in skins, long-haired and haggard, the ten men appeared in the village of tents where the shearing was going on. They looked as wild and fierce as the Wilderness itself. They had fought and hid like beasts since the soldiers of Saul entered the hills a month before. The Wilderness had never let loose a more desperate looking set; but they had their commands from David.

They might easily have swooped down and carried off what they wanted. Instead, they walked quietly into Nabal's tent, and, in David's name, saluted the shepherd with the peace greeting.

Their errand was soon told.

"Who is David, and who is the son of Jesse?" answered Nabal.

"He is the anointed of Israel," they replied. "He has been driven into the wilds by Saul. Ask thy herdsmen," they continued, "for they were with us in the hills. Did we do them harm? Did they lose a sheep? Let us, we pray, find favor in thine eyes, and give us whatever is at hand, for the sake of thy son David."

A hard, evil smile twisted and writhed about the thin lips of Nabal.

"To my son David? David of the Wilderness?" adding, with a sneer, as he turned away toward the washing stream, "There are many servants nowadays that break away from their masters. Give my shearers' meat to men whom I know not?" And he was gone.

They had no command to run the churl through; none even to seize what they needed. But they sent a

curse after him that made the herdsmen start who heard it. Empty and smarting they hurried back to David, who was waiting at the camp.

They did not spare the story. Sent away empty and stung with a taunt! And this from the man whom they had protected at their risk and loss!

"Your swords!" the young king commanded. "By the name of the Most High, we will have meat to-day and blood too. Have I kept all that this fellow had in the Wilderness, so that not a sheep was lost, and he pays me evil for good? God do so to me, and more also, if I leave of all he has, by morning light, so much as one male child!"

The band was in motion, moving rapidly down on Carmel where Nabal was still reckoning his gains at the expense of the young fool in the Wilderness, who must soon fall into the hands of King Saul.

The curse of David's messengers fell on deaf ears with Nabal, but not so with his herdsmen. They knew the wilderness and the ways of these wilderness men, and they trembled. Evil was coming, and that speedily. But it was useless to warn Nabal. He was a narrow-minded, stiff-necked churl, known for his stubbornness and greed to every herdsman in the valleys. If anything was to be done it must be done quickly, and there was but one to do it.

Nabal's reputation for sordiness was not so wide as his wife's for graciousness. Beautiful, resourceful and generous, she was really behind the man's success, saving him continually from his over-reaching greed. As instinctively as one shunned Nabal he turned to Abigail; and the men had hardly disappeared among the hills, when one of the shepherd's servants who had heard the curse, hastened with the whole tale to Abigail.

She understood. There was no time to lose. Without question or leave she took two hundred loaves of bread, wine, corn, fruits and the five sheep that were ready dressed, and loading them upon asses, started with her servants on the trail for the camp in the Wilderness.

She hoped to intercept the band. She was none too soon. The village still showed behind her when, rounding a point in the hills, she saw a line of men filing rapidly through a deep wady below her. She quickened the mules.

At the same moment the men caught sight of her. And the line quickened its pace, for it recognized her as belonging to the house of Nabal. The faint shout that came up the valley was the vengeance cry of the hounded, outlawed men, now, themselves turned hounds, eager, cruel, thirsty for blood.

David lead up the slope. But down to meet him came Abigail; for, putting her servants behind her and throwing her veil back from her beautiful, compelling face, she advanced alone.

Had she only come with swords instead of eyes, had she been in armor with a shield of steel, instead of in clinging linen robes, had she been Goliath or the Devil, he would have won. But she was a woman—sweeping down upon him like a dream of Paradise—and he lost.

For David was more poet than warrior. He could fight what he hated; he could only worship what he loved.

Without waiting for him to speak, giving him only time to look full into her beseeching eyes, the lovelier now for their fear and firm resolve, she clasped his feet.

"Upon me, my lord, upon me be the curse," she sobbed. "I pray thee regard not this son of Belial, this Nabal; for his name is Nabal—'Fool'—and folly is with him. But I am thine handmaid. I saw not the young men whom thou didst send. Forgive my trespass, and, this present which I have brought, give it to thy young men. And the Lord will make thee a new house. No evil shall be found in thee. Thy soul shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God. He shall make thee prince over Israel. Then it shall be no grief to thee that my lord has not avenged himself," and lifting her face toward his she added, softly, "When the Lord shall have dealt well with thee, remember then thine handmaid."

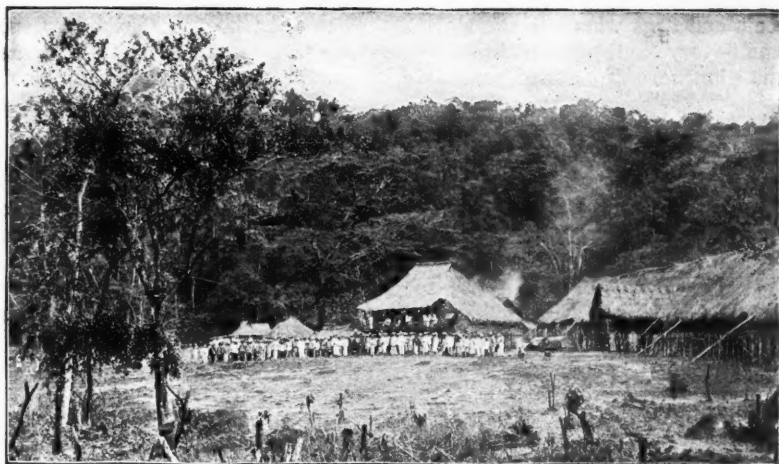
And he replied, as he bent low to raise her, "Blessed be the Lord who sent thee to meet me; and blessed be thy wisdom, and blessed be thou who hast kept me this day from bloodguiltiness. Go up in peace to thine house. I have accepted thee."

Ten days later Nabal was smitten with disease and died. David was yet far from the throne, but when he sent from the Wilderness for Abigail, "she hastened and arose and rode upon an ass with five damsels of hers that followed her; and she went after the messengers of David and became his wife."

PROMISE OF SUMMER

A HOST of birdlings twittering carols sweet;
A breathing softness in the morning air;
The vanishing of winter's dragging care
And Spring's first blossom turned the sun to greet.

Douglas Malloch



'Biac-Na-Batto, where the treaty of peace with Spain was signed by Aguinaldo, and where part of his cabinet laid down their arms, December 12, 1899, to the United States

FRED FUNSTON AND HIS CAPTURE OF AGUINALDO

By Chris Ritter

"**C**LICK—click—clickity—click," sputtered the officious sounder in the dingy little telegraph station at Iola, Kansas. The shirt-sleeved operator, half dozing in a broken-backed chair, with hat tilted over his eyes and an eddying cloud of tobacco smoke about his head, gave languid attention. "Click—click—clickity—click," then a steady, rapid, incessant hum of the sounder that filled the room with momentous news. Two minutes later the operator, still in his shirt sleeves, was executing a wild *pas seul* of delight on the station platform and excitedly waving a yellow blank about his head. "Whoop-ee!" he yelled to the world at large. "Fred's got him—he's got him—he's got him! Come a-runnin' you people and hear the news!"

"What's the row?" called a voice from across the street.

"Fred's got him—Aguinaldo—hide, hair and horns, whoop-ee!"

Clerks, farmers, small boys and dogs came tumbling over each other and treading impartially on each other's toes, questioning, shouting, pushing, shoving, making ineffectual grabs at the yellow sheet that the operator waved above their heads.

"Three cheers for Fred Funston!" called out a voice, and the crowd shouted itself hoarse.

Out of the tumult about the station, a half-dozen figures detached themselves and hurried down the street to reappear presently in step to

*"The girl, the girl, the pretty little girl,
The girl I left be-hi-nd me,"*

which happened to be the tune that the man on the business end of the fife thought appropriate. Along the street they came, with the ecstatic squeal of the fife and the excited rat-

tat-tat of the drum attracting new recruits to the ranks at every step. Hats, coats and flags waved in the air. A small—very small boy, clad in overalls and gingham shirt, looked around in vain for something to wave, sat down suddenly on the curb, drew off his overalls and followed the crowd, flourishing them about his head while the Kansas wind whistled breezily about his chubby legs.

Four miles away, across the prairie, the mother of a new-made hero was preparing dinner when a two-seated carriage drawn by smoking horses and containing four excited men came rapidly into sight. The mother of a hero did not appear surprised.

"Well, I knew my boy would capture him if anybody could," she said calmly. "I told Father that if Fred wasn't killed he would get Aguinaldo."

"Father," husking corn a half-mile

FRED FUNSTON AT AGE OF 15 YEARS



away, leaned meditatively against his wagon when he heard the news. "This is the happiest and proudest moment of my life," he said and climbed onto

the wagon to drive home and talk it over with "Mother."

The quiet homestead was now suddenly transformed into a spot of paramount interest. Friends, photographers and curious strangers began to descend upon it in crowds.

One somehow looks for the hero of William Allen White's Boyville stories in Kansas, and Fred Funston seems to be a true type of those sons, whose fathers were soldiers in the Civil War, and won the struggle to make a home in the sunflower state. There is a virility about the Kansas product that brooks no obstacle.

Frederick Funston was born on a farm near New Carlisle, Ohio, in 1865. His parents brought him with them to Allen County, Kansas, where he grew to manhood. Edward H. Funston, the head of the family, distinguished himself long before he became famous as the father of the captor of Aguinaldo. He was a soldier in the Civil War, having been a lieutenant in the Sixteenth Ohio Battery, where he made a record as a brave officer and a good soldier. When he came to Kansas, Allen County was a prairie country, thinly settled. Mr. Funston is a man of stalwart build and has a deep, resonant voice that soon brought to him the name of "Foghorn" among his neighbors, who recognized in him good material for a law maker. He was accordingly sent to the State Legislature for several terms and afterward elected to Congress to succeed Dudley C. Haskell, in 1883, and re-elected six times.

During his boyhood and early youth Fred, as he has ever been called by his home associates, was thus early thrown into contact with the affairs of the world. His summers were spent working on his father's farm and his winters in attending the country

school, like all the other boys of the neighborhood. One of the marked traits of his boyhood was his extreme modesty regarding himself. Always active in the pursuit of knowledge, he never distinguished himself at acquiring it from books. Rather he was a student of original research, whose mind reached out and grasped the unwritten facts of nature and reduced them to orderly conception, just as in after years that same mind conceived and carried out the plan to capture Aguinaldo and bring him to a realizing sense of his duty toward this government. He established a good reputation as a fighter while yet a country school boy, by whipping one of the town bullies. Fred frequently went to Iola, which is only four miles distant from his father's farm. Owing to his small size and bashful manner the boys made him a mark for their ridicule. One day Fred resented this, and a boy much larger than he challenged him to fight. Fred accepted the challenge with an alacrity that surprised his tormenter and then proceeded to administer a good, sound thrashing to the town boy, which ever afterward made Fred Funston's name synonymous with a "scrap" in Iola.

When about sixteen years of age he entered the high school at Iola, where his career as a student contained nothing that attracted public attention until he prepared his graduating essay. It was the custom in that

school to assign a subject to each member of the graduating class and require them to prepare an original

FRED FUNSTON IN CUBAN UNIFORM, TAKEN IN 1897, IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS RETURN FROM CUBA



essay, to be delivered as an oration at the public graduating exercises. The topic assigned to Fred was one that permitted latitude for much original thought on philosophical subjects. When his essay was prepared and submitted to the teacher for examination it contained so many bold and original declarations that attacked the prevailing religious sentiment of the community, that the teacher refused to allow him to deliver it. Fred politely but firmly declared that if he

could not deliver that essay he would not deliver any. His parents, the school board and his other teachers were called in to remonstrate with him, but Fred was obdurate and delivered his essay with the balance of the class. His first business venture was teaching a country school. There was an unusual number of large boys attending the school and they proceeded to make it hot for the future

viewpoint of an investigator and explorer was inherent in him. Although his father was constantly in the public eye, and was a guiding influence in the politics of that portion of Kansas, Fred never took kindly to politics. But he improved the opportunities his father's position brought him by preparing himself for his later exploits, storing his mind with every available fact concerning the working of the machinery of our government so far as it affected the peoples of other lands, and scientific explorations.

The writer first met Fred Funston while his father was serving his first term in Congress. He was then attending school at Iola. The boy's mind was then speculating on the future of this nation. I remember that on one occasion he declared in favor of the annexation both of Mexico and Canada, and said he expected to live to see it accomplished. Another thing that impressed me was the boldness with which he expressed himself on religious subjects.

After completing his work in the common schools he entered a business college at Lawrence, Kansas, and completed a commercial course. It was here that he acquired his first knowledge of Spanish, in which language he soon became proficient.

The Kansas State University was the next scene of Funston's activity. He entered the university in 1886, and remained two years. In a great institution of learning most men lose their identity and accept the fixed order of the institution. Not so with Fred Funston. He adopted a special course and devoted himself to it so industriously that the end of two years he was through and ready for the battles of life that were to bring him world-wide fame at a time in life before most men have found out what they are best fitted for in life.

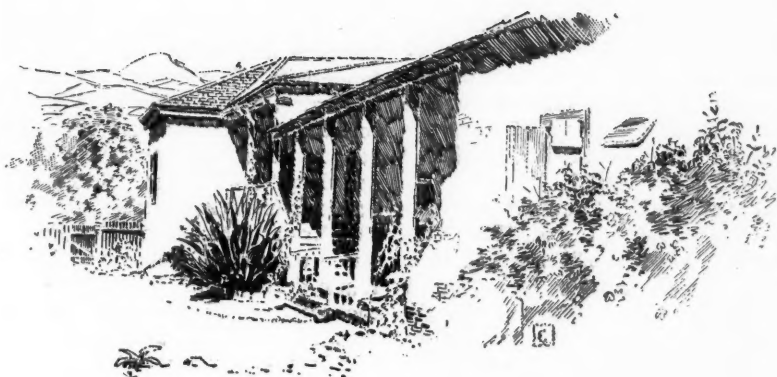
FRED FUNSTON AS COLONEL OF THE 20TH KAN.



general. It is reported that one morning, after having had trouble with some of them, Fred opened school by laying a revolver on his desk and in his laconic way announcing that he had been employed to teach that school and that he intended to do so. He had no trouble after that.

* * *

The love of adventure and a desire to see the world and know it from the



OUR NEIGHBORS, THE MEXICANS

By Clara S. Ellis

SEPARATED from the United States by only an imaginary line, quickly reached without the ordeal of a sea voyage, is a land as foreign to our own as any part of Europe or Asia. Although "our sister republic" has a constitution modeled after that framed by the brave men who demanded liberty for this country, and a President who has made himself one of the prominent figures of the world, her manners, customs, dress, architecture and natural scenery are peculiar to Mexico alone, and of fascinating interest. Months may be spent with a perpetually renewed enjoyment in traveling over the various lines of railway which English and American capital have constructed in "New Spain," (as it was called in the time of Cortés) stopping at the numerous historical and picturesque places en route. Nor should the tourist think that he has "done" Mexico after such a jaunt; for there are broad states which have not yet been visited by the iron horse—wildernesses of beauty, fertility and mineral wealth—while

the side trips which may be taken from the beaten paths, either by stagecoach or on horseback, are legion.

A generation ago, life and property throughout Mexico were rendered unsafe by the banditti that infested all the country roads, and boldly haunted the suburbs of the largest cities, but all that is past, and no molestation need be feared. Early in President Diaz' administration, which has continued nineteen years, he conceived the political idea of turning to good account the bane of the country, and organized the famous *Rurales*, known as "the President's own soldiers," and serving as the country police. He offered amnesty to all brigands who would agree to serve the government, and a salary larger than is received by any other cavalymen in the world. They accepted his terms unanimously, and, being expert in the use of fire-arms, fearless, and acquainted with every nook and corner of the land, they have proved of great value in hunting down criminals and maintaining order in the rural districts. The

organization has become so popular that young men of good family apply for vacancies in the ranks, which number 5,000. Each man owns his horse, saddle and accoutrements, and the expense that is proudly incurred for the outfit causes a regiment of *Rurales* to form a striking feature in the military parades at the capital.

It is not a difficult matter to pass the customs officials at Juarez, "The Gateway of the Republic," formerly known as Paso del Norte. The inspection of trunks and hand baggage is scarcely more than a farce, and is courteously conducted. A bicycle, however, is heavily taxed, according to weight, without regard to its age or condition.

You find cars, in addition to the Pullman, marked respectively, "1st Clase," "2nd Clase," and "3rd Clase," and this at once impresses you with the sense of being in a foreign country, despite the fact that you can look across the Rio Grande to "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Nothing could be more marked than the transition from the scenes on the bustling El Paso side of the river to those on the other shore. Juarez is a sleepy *pueblo* with narrow streets, flat-roofed adobe houses, a quaint old church, a bull ring and brown-faced men and women, who stroll leisurely about in costumes unlike anything seen in the United States, but common all over Mexico.

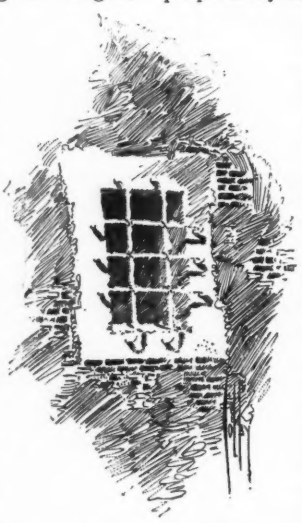
Among English-speaking peoples the women make pictures of themselves, with their tasteful arrangement of colors and their diversity of style;

while one looks to men for merely a sensible correct garb, devoid of the charm which characterized the knee-breeches and ruffles worn by their forefathers. The reverse is apparent in Mexico, except among the highest social class, whose male members have adopted American attire, their wives and daughters wearing delicate silks and muslins from London, Paris or New York. The men of the middle or lower classes are picturesque in costumes varying with the position and occupation of the wearer, but always quaint in cut and enlivened in color. The humble peon—a semi-serf, who is perpetually in debt to his employer—

wears a white cotton blouse loosely tied at the waist in front, or confined by a red sash, wide white cotton trousers, a high, conical hat of straw, and sandals on his bare feet. Folded over one shoulder, if the sun be warm, or draped about him in folds that somehow are always graceful, is a bright-hued *zarape*, the overcoat of the Mexican, whatever his class, until he becomes Anglicized. The poor man's *zarape* is coarse in texture and machine-made,

but the prosperous senor's is hand-woven and a thing of beauty, like a Navajo blanket, for more than one lifetime. Red is the favorite color, and the stripings and figures are in great variety. Water-carriers, carpenters and *cargadores* wear leather aprons over the white costume.

Young men in good circumstances are bravely tricked out in braided jackets of fine cloth, preferably of some shade of gray, reaching slightly



below the waist; pantaloons cut to follow the shape of the leg closely, and springing out at the bottom; and a wide brimmed *sombrero* of felt, the

their white sisters do, either becoming obese and coarse, or shriveling with the loss of the plumpness which once made them attractive. They might

PREPARING THE FAMILY MEAL OF TORTILLAS



wider the better, trimmed with gold and silver cord, and costing anywhere from ten to a hundred dollars; for the Mexican's hat is at once his pride and his weakness, and such an one can be worn for years. Often the trousers have a double row of gilt or silver buttons or ornaments down the side. There is no limit to the ornamentation of a *caballero*, who sports a fine horse and rides it to perfection. Not only his personal apparel, but his saddle, bridle and equipments must be as costly and ornate as he can contrive from his means or those of his relations. Kinship is strong in Mexico, and the poor relative seldom has a cold shoulder turned to him.

The women among the masses possess only the charm of extreme simplicity in dress, and the healthy, unrestrained beauty of figures that have never known a corset. They are well developed, as a rule, having round limbs, fine busts and long, abundant hair. Many of the faces are beautiful in youth, but they age earlier than

have stepped out of the pictures of Bible times, with their plainly made cotton gowns and their blue *rebosos* (long, wide scarfs of cheap material) covering their shoulders and also draping their heads. Women of higher class who have not accepted the innovation of hats, wear a black *tapolo* of fine wool or silk, instead of a *reboso*. They often go about the streets bareheaded, but not one among them ever enters a church without drawing up her *reboso*, as to do otherwise would be considered sacrilegious.

The religious faith and zeal of these people is conspicuous in even the most remote hamlet, where there are sure to be churches which any city in the United States might be glad to have within its limits, and mellow-toned old bells energetically call the faithful to prayers at all hours of the day. No man passes a church without removing his hat. At the stroke of noon there is a moment of silent prayer, with uncovered head; and the sight of a priest being driven to administer ex-

treme unction to the dying brings the people in the streets to their knees.

The Spaniards did a great and monumental work in Mexico when they erected substantial stone churches all over the broad domain, no two exactly alike, and not one among them inartistic. One does not need to go to Europe for architecture that age but renders more beautiful, in designs which show the master hand. Pages of description could not do justice to the Mexican churches. The accumulation of centuries, although many of the most valuable furnishings were confiscated under the Reform Laws of Juarez, in 1857, gives to the interiors of these stately buildings a richness and prodigality of detail that enchants the visitor and is worthy of careful study by the connoisseur in art. What wonder that the simple native, with his inborn love of color, music and beauty, and his strong superstitions, turns from the squalor of his surroundings and fairly reveres his church and all its appointments, finding comfort in daily visits to what he considers, in a sense, his own? These noble structures and all their treasures are for the people; not for the few favored by fortune, but for the lowest as well, no matter how dirty and ragged he may be. They are open always, so that the worshipper may enter at will, drop on his knees, say a prayer and adore, with that seeking for the infinite and all-powerful which comes to every one in some form. The lights are ever burning, and not many hours elapse be-

tween the various services. Thus is religious observance a daily act, not a form relegated to a few hours of each week; and it seems to a Protestant observer better than the closed and exclusive churches of this enlightened land. One misses the clangor of the bells after leaving Mexico, where it formed part of the life in every town. There is a large clock on the cathedral in each place, also, which is heard

striking the quarter-hours, and becomes almost a companion.

A church dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe is in nearly every city, and all the other churches contain an altar to this Virgin, for she has been officially recognized, by papal bull, as the patron saint of Mexico, and her image is on the battle banners of the nation. A beautiful legend tells of the miraculous appear-

ance of this Virgin on a hill not far from the City of Mexico, in 1531; and the town of Guadalupe has been built up around the shrines and a splendid cathedral erected at this spot. Hither come pilgrims from distant parts of the republic to worship their patroness, implore her aid, and drink of the water, which, it is alleged, will cure every ill; for a living spring of medicinal properties is reputed to have gushed forth from the place on which one of the apparitions occurred, and over it has been built an elegant chapel.

Most tourists speed southward to the capital without comprehension of the large and interesting cities en route, because, with few exceptions, the rail-

PRESIDENT DIAZ OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC



way does not approach within a mile of them. Excursions are sometimes made up to take a run to the City of Mexico, and side trips to Vera Cruz and Guadalajara, and the traveler gathers from his hasty journey that outside of these points Mexico is not much to look at. Never was a greater mistake. The visitor who stops over at the way stations finds that weeks and months pass all too swiftly with ever new and charming impressions, and the gradual opening up of history and legend, so delightful to trace and study, so rich in its abundance, that full acquaintance with the country seems impossible without long residence therein. Not until the vast regions now almost inaccessible are traversed by railways will the remarkable picturesqueness of Mexico be entirely understood.

Stop-overs are permitted at any station on first-class tickets, and the lone woman found it possible to avail herself of them without discomfort. As the train reaches the station, it is surrounded by *cargadores*, as anxious to ply their trade as if they were hackmen in New York or Boston. These servitors are a blessing to the traveler, who is relieved of all hand baggage and accompanied, on the tram-car or on foot, to the hotel, where his effects are deposited in his room at the time he

reaches it. The fee is low, ranging from *un real*, (twelve and one-half cents) to twenty-five cents, Mexican. The *cargador* is licensed and numbered, reliable and goodnatured. Your trunk is carried on his shoulders, no matter how great its dimensions or diminutive its bearer. There are no express wagons outside the City of Mexico. Every kind of freight is borne to its destination by the *cargadores*, who are sometimes almost hidden by the immensity of their burdens. Their strength of back is marvelous and they do not regard themselves as objects of pity.

Cars drawn by mules connect with all trains and transport you to a hotel even in the night hours, where you register on a blackboard that is hung in a conspicuous place. A chambermaid, who is generally a man—the *mozo de cama*—sees that your bed is prepared, your candle in readiness and an

MIDDLE-CLASS MEXICANS DANCING



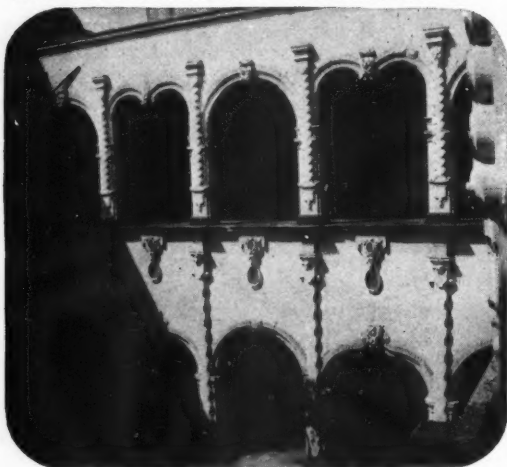
earthen water: bottle filled with a cooling draught; but you are expected to provide your own *cerillos* (matches), and, usually, *jabon* or soap.

The rooms are clean and bare, with floors of brick or tiles and heavy wooden shutters to the windows. They are entirely devoid of draperies, and simply furnished with one two little iron bedsteads, cane-seated chairs and a large table for writing. One does not expect the modern convenience of electric bells, yet they are found every-

see a foreign country without large expense.

In the capital one cannot live so cheaply. Most of the hotels are conducted on the European plan, and good restaurants are not numerous. You must accustom yourself to the elaborate Mexican bill of fare, which does not vary much from day to day, if you would avoid dissatisfaction with your meals. The menu is practically the same throughout the republic, the style of cooking quite un-American.

PORTALES SURROUNDING A MEXICAN PATIO



where except in far Uruápan, on the edge of the *tierra caliente*, where the guest steps into the corridor and claps his hands, in Oriental fashion, when he desires attendance. This is the method employed in the gay city of Mexico to secure a cab, instead of whistling or hallooing. It is sometimes difficult to obtain quarters in the small towns of Mexico, but every place of 10,000 or more population has a hotel where a tidy room and three meals may be had for \$2 or \$2.50 a day; which price, halved to reduce it to United States currency, adapts itself to the requirements of the traveler who would

Desayuno (breakfast) consists of rolls and coffee, with eggs *pasados por agua* (boiled), *fritos* (fried), or *en tortilla*, (omelet). At noon, you are first brought a plate of soup, then asked how you will have your eggs, and five or six courses of meat scantily garnished with vegetables follow. The last thing before desert is invariably a plate of *frijoles*—the common, colored beans of our farming regions—stewed. The desert is a bit of *dulce* (the general name for all Mexican sweets), or a little fruit, pies and puddings

being unknown. Dinner from 7 to 9 o'clock, is the same minus the eggs, and is generally accompanied by a light native beer, or wine.

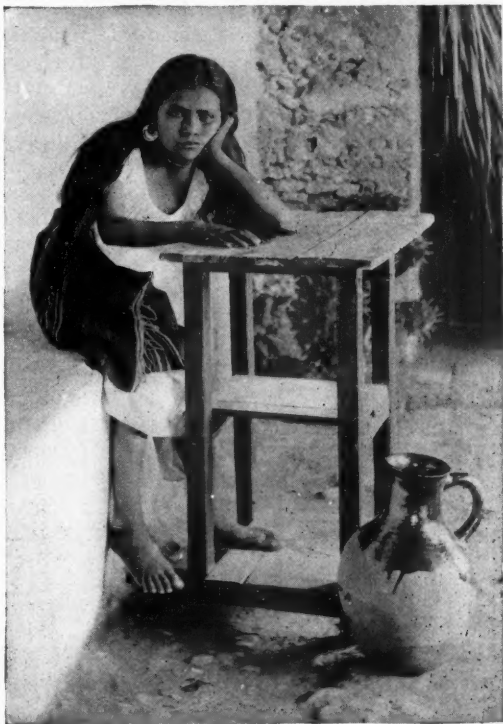
The Mexicans are great coffee drinkers, and the country produces some of the best brands in the United States markets; but one longs in vain for a good cup of tea. Bread is never seen in loaves and slices, though it has been said that the Latin races have mastered the art of bread-making. Certainly the many kinds of sweet and crusty little rolls in Mexico are palatable and may be easily eaten without butter, which is a luxury in the land.

The poor thrive on them, enjoying for a pittance each day their *frijoles*, bread or *tortillas*, and an allowance of *pulque*, the national drink. *Pulque* is made from the sap of the *maguey*, called by Americans the century plant, whole fields being cultivated for this purpose. Trainloads of the beverage stored in pigskins come into the City of Mexico daily, to be re-tailed out. It must be used within twenty-four hours after it is fermented, (this is accomplished by something akin to the "mother" in vinegar) being of a milky nature, and possessing an odor and taste which are offensive until one has become accustomed to it. The consumption of *pulque* is enormous. It contains about the same proportion of alcohol as beer, is wholesome, and a generous quantity may be had for a couple of Mexican *centavos*.

Tortillas are thin, flat cakes fried on a piece of sheet-iron, over a *brasero* of charcoal. They are made of corn soaked in lime-water all night, then mashed into a paste with a roller, on a hollow stone called a *metate*, identical with those used by the Indians long before the Spanish invasion, the mass shaped into cakes by a deft patting of the hands that is often heard as one walks past humble Mexican homes. They have the sweet taste of the cereal, but are too tough for American digestion. Often they are folded together and used as scoops for the compounds, hot with chili pepper, that are dear to the Mexican palate, or as plates on which to spread *frijoles*. The

dishes of a native kitchen are earthen pots, jars and basins moulded by potters of inborn talent who never received any artistic training, yet fashion vessels of simple, graceful outlines as did their ancestors many generations ago. Everything is set on the floor. The primitive Mexican has no use for tables, chairs or bedsteads; he can

AN INDIAN GIRL OF THE TIERRA CALIENTE



sleep on a *petate*, (straw mat) or the stone pavement.

There are few stoves and chimneys, even in the City of Mexico. Charcoal is used for cooking, in *braseros* which range in size from a foot in diameter to the immense structures with many apertures built across one end of a hotel kitchen. The embers are fanned into a glow as needed, with fans

woven of grasses for the purpose.

The houses in this quaint land are similar to those of Palestine, except that the roofs are flat and covered with cylindrical red tiles, instead of domed. They are constructed of stone, in one or two stories, around a paved *patio* or court, on which all the rooms open. The *patio* is made attractive with flowering plants in large pots or boxes, and cages of singing-birds. It is the garden of the house. The lower windows, on the street, are heavily grated, and second story *ventanas* open on a balcony of wrought iron which answers to the piazza of American houses; for here the *senorita* takes her evening airing, amuses herself with the life of the street, or coquettishly smiles upon her *Romeo*, who is "playing the bear" below.

Custom decrees that the lover, who by no chance sees his *inamorata* lone, shall station himself opposite the fair one's balcony every day for months, and pace back and forth, content with an occasional sign from her fan or a coy look, ere she withdraws to her seclusion. The strength of his passion

is gauged by the frequency and length of his patrols, and wonderful are the tales told of endurance in *baciendo del oso*—playing the bear. After a suitor has been well tested, he is permitted to see his chosen one in the presence of her family, and finally the wedding takes place. Mexican women, as a rule, make docile and trustworthy wives; deferring to the husband in matters which the American woman would settle for herself.

The houses in Mexico have only one entrance, a wide portal which is closed by massive doors at 10 p. m., and a *portero*, who sleeps on the stone pavement within. The belated lodger, even the owner of the *casa*, must batter at this door with his cane or a stone until he wakens the sleeper, whereupon he pays a fee of six cents for the privilege of being admitted. It is out of the question to carry around the enormous key that is used in the gigantic lock. Sometimes these *porteros* have strict ideas as to the proper hours, and intimate to the callers of the family that it is time for them to go!

The generosity with which good music is provided is noticeable in every place which one visits. The masses, unlike the poor of this country, are accustomed to hearing concerts several times a week, in their pretty *plazas*, to which foreigners listen with delight; for most of the bands are furnished by the government and are well trained, and Mexicans are naturally good mu-

WASH DAY IN MEXICO



sicians. There is something peculiarly bewitching about the national airs, in which the very soul of music seems embodied, and the players are attuned to its spirit. At the Sunday performances, or week-day evenings, nearly the whole population parades around the *plaza*, on a wide, flagged walk, the men promenading in the opposite direction from the women, with many expressive glances as they meet. Under the brilliant electric lights, which glitter amid the semi-tropical foliage, it is almost as bright as day. The scene is romantically picturesque, as the quaintly dressed natives circle about, lightly talking in their musical language, flirting, laughing, and applauding their favorite tunes.

One of the principal "functions" of fashionable life in the City of Mexico is the "dress parade" in the Alameda on Sunday from 11 to 2 o'clock. It, probably, has not a duplicate in the world. The Alameda is a beautiful park containing forty acres, in the heart of the city, traversed by broad, gravelled walks bordered with trees and connecting circles or *glorietas*, each *glorieta* ornamented by a fountain with statuary and choice plants. The walks nearest the bandstand are roofed with canvas at the hours named, and none but the aristocracy is permitted beneath it. Here may be seen the wealth and fashion of the city strolling in two meeting lines, filling every foot of space between the chairs which

are placed on either side and occupied by spectators. Back and forth, back and forth, they go, more to see and be

MEXICAN SERVANT WITH OLLA



seen than for aught else, as nothing is too delicate or fine to be worn on this occasion. Costumes appropriate for the ballroom, except that they are not decolete, are ruthlessly swept over the ground, and the characteristic *reboso* or mantilla, which is still worn by the lower classes, is replaced by the most expensive productions of modern milliners. The gentlemen are spick and span in broadcloth, silk hats and canes. Outside this exclusive promenade, the unconventional classes sit on the

stone or iron benches and listen to the music, while their children play about the walks, and the ubiquitous peddler offers *dulces* and gew-gaws of all descriptions. Later, the canvas is removed, and another concert is given without any reference to caste. The *Paseo de la Reforma*, on of the finest boulevards in the world, leading to the castle of Chapultepec, is filled with elegant equipages every afternoon, and European capitals boast no more lavish display of wealth and style.

Bull-fights are still spoken of as the national pastime, and attract vast throngs of excited people who wax highly indignant if *el toro* is not properly vicious and fatal to several broken down horses. Ladies and gentlemen of the best society seldom attend these performances, and the fights are prohibited in the Federal district and some of the largest cities.

The City of Mexico, with its nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants, presents the most striking contrasts imaginable. Barefooted Indians carrying heavy packs on their backs are seen in the streets alongside powdered, silken-gowned *senoritas* tripping in French-heeled shoes. Intermingled with these extremes are Mexicans of all castes. The unambitious content and simple self-satisfaction of the people gives them a certain mild dignity. They seem to feel at home anywhere, unenvious and unafraid. Shabby mule-cars, automobiles, wobbly-wheeled "yellow" cabs, fine carriages, electric lights, plodding little burros almost concealed under their prodigious loads, and the *cargadores* staggering beneath their amazing burdens, with many other features peculiar to the locality, form a wonderful

admixture of mediaeval and nineteenth century civilization.

The population of Mexico is about twelve millions, one-half of whom are Indians bearing a strong resemblance still to their Aztec and Zapotec forbears. They till the soil of their small holdings, or serve a peonage on the immense *haciendas* (farms), nominally free, but kept in service to work out debts from which they never free themselves, nor fret because of their condition. They have no fondness for unrelenting toil, and are sure of a frugal living. The pure-blooded natives are quite as worthy of respect as the *mestizos*,—a cross between Indian and Spanish or American blood—found in every grade of color. They have never been removed from their ancestral possessions, and are civil and peaceable, with the exception of the Yaquis in Sonora, and some tribes near the border of Yucatan.

* * *

Nine-tenths of the residents of Mexico live on the tableland which rises from 4,000 to 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and comprises nine-tenths of the area of the country. There is no more healthful or enjoyable climate in the world than the spring-like temperature found at this elevation, under the Tropic of Cancer; the unhealthy conditions are due to lack of sanitation and the manner in which the common people live. The *tierra caliente*, (hot country) extends along the coast of the Pacific ocean and the Gulf of Mexico for a short distance inland; and, though very beautiful in its luxuriant tropical foliage, is malarious and the home of yellow fever in summer. There the air is as humid and oppressively hot as in a greenhouse.



LYDIA MARIA CHILD

By Maria S. Porter

AMONG the many famous women authors who have been distinctively representative of New England's highest thought and culture, Lydia Maria Child holds the foremost rank; for she was not only remarkable for scholarship, but for a comprehensive grasp of ancient, classical and modern literature. To this vigor of thought was added a graceful, poetic and felicitous expression, conspicuously shown in her novel "Philothea," her "Biographies of Good Wives," "Letters from New York," and "Lives of Madame De Stael, Madame Guion and Madame Roland." More than sixty years ago Mrs. Child was the most famous literary woman in the country; her historical novels were of great interest, and several editions were published. At that time the "North American Review," the highest literary authority in the country, said of her: "We are not sure that any woman of our country could outrank Mrs. Child. This lady has been long before the public with much success as an author; and she well deserves it, for in all her works nothing can be found which does not commend itself by its tone of healthy morality and good sense. Few women, if any, have done more or better

for our literature in the lighter or graver departments."

Lydia Maria Francis was born in Medford, Mass., February 17, 1802. Her father, Convers Francis, was a worthy and highly respected citizen of that town.

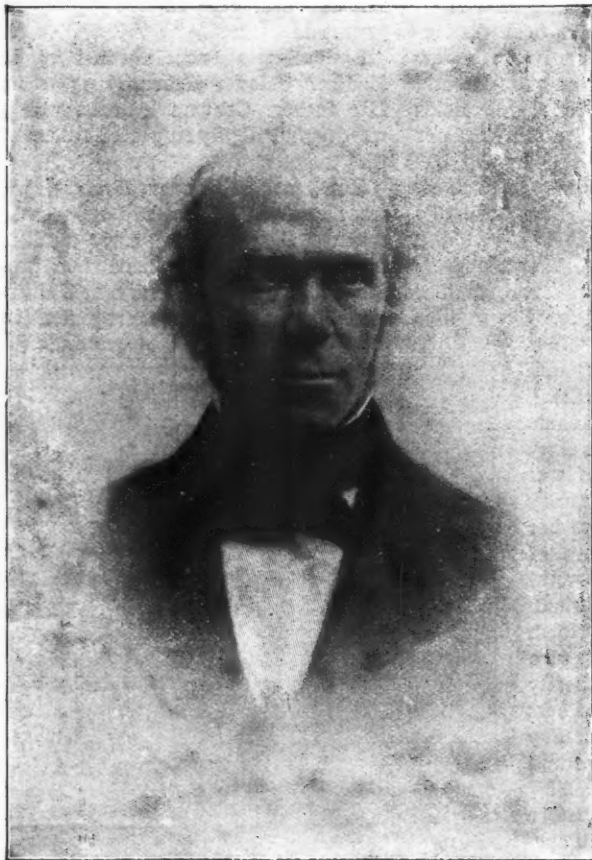
Her brother, Convers Francis, Jr., was some years older, and he greatly assisted her in her early studies. Afterward, when he became a professor of theology in Harvard University, his advice and encouragement in

PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHILD AT 20, BY ALEXANDER



regard to her literary pursuits were of great value to her, and she wrote her first novel in his study in Cambridge, called "Hobomok," which was published in her twenty-first year. Many books followed, among them "The Frugal Housewife," of which thirty-

THEODORE PARKER



five editions were published. One of my earliest recollections is of its daily perusal by the faithful servant from New Hampshire who ruled in our kitchen and cooked our food according to the recipes in Mrs. Child's "Frugal Housewife."

In 1828 Miss Francis was married to David Lee Child, a lawyer of Boston, of fine ability and good social position. In 1831-32 they both became deeply interested in the subject of slavery—largely through the writings of William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Child was

one of the earliest members of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, which was formed at a convention in Philadelphia in 1833.

Up to this time so remarkable was Mrs. Child's success as an author that she was a great favorite in Boston society. Every door was opened to the gifted young woman. Then, as now, Boston had its literary "fads," and it became the fashion to kneel at her shrine. They did not know of her anti-slavery proclivities, or that her life was governed by the divine rules, "Do unto others as ye would be done by," "Bear ye one another's burdens," "Remem-

ber those in bonds as bound with them." At this time Mrs. Child's social and literary success was so phenomenal that the trustees of the Boston Atheneum, then the fashionable and aristocratic library of Boston, paid her the unusual compliment of

sending her a ticket for free admission to the library and all its privileges.

When, in 1833, she published her "Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans" she sent the library a copy. Soon after a meeting of the trustees was called, and in solemn conclave assembled they voted to withdraw immediately her ticket of admission to the library; and a lawyer, afterward Attorney-General of Massachusetts, is said to have boasted that he used tongs to fling the obnoxious volume out of the window! What a painful revelation is this of the proslavery spirit prevailing in Boston in that benighted time. But the heroic young woman, after this insulting treatment, did not falter in her devotion to the cause of downtrodden and enslaved fellow-beings.

Let us recall the situation. With her exceptional gifts she had won wide recognition as an author; she was "the observed of all observers" in Boston's literary and society circles; and for her conscientious devotion to the hated anti-slavery cause obloquy and social ostracism were hers. She accepted this change without a murmur of reproach, serenely took up the work of writing in aid of the struggling cause of the slave and other philanthropies, and soon won still wider recognition in both continents.

Some years afterward Mrs. Child wrote: "Did I ever tell you that my 'Appeal' in favor of anti-slavery marched into the enemy's camp alone, and that it brought to me at first obloquy and social ostracism? But it brought Dr. Channing to see me for the first time, and he told me that it stirred his mind to the conviction that he ought not to remain silent on the subject. Then came Dr. Palfrey, who years afterward said that the emancipation of his slaves might be traced to the impulse that book had given him.

Charles Sumner writes me that the influence of my anti-slavery writings, years ago, has had an important effect on his speeches in Congress."

In the autograph album of Francis Jackson Garrison Mrs. Child wrote, in 1860: "How a very small mouse helped to gnaw open a net that held a great lion."

"I believe it was in the winter of 1834 that my beloved friend, Ellis Gray Loring, said to me, 'Maria, a very talented and agreeable young gentleman called here last evening. He said he had been reading your "Appeal," and that it made a strong impression upon him. When he bade us good evening, he said with a charming smile that he didn't know but what he should be "obliged to come out an abolitionist." I inquired his name and was told it was Wendell Phillips. I had never heard of him, and did not then think much of the circumstance, but now it makes me proud and happy to remember it.'

L. Maria Child."

My acquaintance with Mrs. Child's writings began in my early girlhood. I can recall with what delight I read "Philothea" and her "Lives of Madame De Stael, Madame Roland and Lady Russell." It was at an anti-slavery convention that I first met Mrs. Child, and had the pleasure of hearing her talk with her friends, Ellis Gray Loring and Wendell Phillips, in a most earnest and eloquent manner in regard to some slaves that had escaped from bondage and were hiding in Boston. I often met Mrs. Child at the anti-slavery fairs and conventions in Boston, but it was not until the second year of the Civil War that I became well acquainted with her at the home of the Sewalls, in Melrose, where she was always a welcome guest. Her conversation was most interesting, brilliant and impressive. The humorous

stories I remember distinctly, as well as her pathetic ones. I shall never forget her recital of an experience of her uncle's wife when the yellow fever prevailed in Boston, in such a dramatic (or rather I should say a realistic) manner, that we listened spellbound to the greswome story. Many years afterward (I think it was in the autumn of 1880) I had been asked by the editor of the "Boston Sunday Herald" to write a sketch of Mrs. Child. I wrote and asked her if I might make use of her story about her uncle's wife, and if so, would she be kind enough to write it out just as she told it. She did so. The sketch had not been published at the time of Mrs. Child's death, but on the following Sunday it was used. The story was left out and other incidents added.

About a year ago, in looking over some papers, I found Mrs. Child's letter and decided that, greswome as the letter was, some time I would use it.

I had written thus far in my sketch of Mrs. Child when a friend sent me some unpublished letters of hers with permission to use them. They are all of exceptional value, and at some time will be published. Mrs. Child had a large number of correspondents among the famous men and women of our country and England. Some of these letters of Mrs. Child to her brother are most interesting as revelations of her entire sympathy with and absolute devotion to him. A letter to Rev. Theodore Parker has a pathetic interest, as it was written on hearing that with failing health he was to sail for the West Indies.

Wayland, Jan. 16th, 1859.

Rev. Theodore Parker:

Dear Sir—I see you are about to sail for the West Indies, and while hundreds are giving you their parting blessing I cannot refrain from giving utterance to my feelings. I must tell you how deeply and how fervently I thank you for all that you have done for my soul. Your teachings have made me incalculably wiser and stronger, and will affect me beneficially through time and through eternity.

When my husband read to me the note you sent to your people last Sunday, it brought tears to our eyes, and we both felt how glad we should be to take from our own health and give it unto you.

May the balmy air of the tropics bring healing on its wings! And may you be restored to us for long-continued usefulness. Mr. Child joins me most affectionately and respectfully in these thanks and good wishes.

Of course I do not expect you to reply to this; but if you see Wendell Phillips or any of our mutual friends, send me a verbal blessing and I will always cherish it in my heart. Yours with affectionate respect and sincere gratitude,

L. Maria Child.

Wayland, Jan. 30th, 1859.

My Very Dear Brother—If your visit here "set you up," it was surely doubly blessed, inasmuch as it set us up like a bottle of champagne. I have often told you and with great sincerity that I find no conversation equal to yours, for its power if refreshing and stimulating my mind. Then your presence does my heart good also. I often wish we were more accessible to each other, for I think we might do each other good by warming ourselves at each other's fires in this cold world. I sympathize fully with your feeling about the reality of social intercourse. It is so difficult to find simplicity and sincerity. The very children are artificial! Emerson's speech is not in any newspaper, therefore I have not read it. With all my love and admiration for Burns I cannot help thinking that a subtle demoralizing influence will go forth from this universal public homage; particularly as his faults are made very conspicuous by having so much said about them. It is curious to observe how one hand pulls down what the other hand is trying to prop up in our human societies. We preach the sinfulness of unlegalized attachments, and fill our houses with Robert Burns and Fornarinas, who are preachers also in a very attractive garb. Of course every experienced and reflecting person will think very charitably of the imperfections of a nature so noble as Robert Burns; but whether it is wise to bring him conspicuously forward as an object of idolatry to the unexperienced and unthinking is another question.

I have begun to read Hegel, and found him profound and suggestive, albeit it is more difficult for my mind to grapple with metaphysics than with any other subject. I think he is wiser than Buckle in choosing the word "spirit" instead of "intellect" to designate the motive Power of the universe.

You may not think that what you wrote about "pious people" is particularly bright, but I think it is and so did David. I often apply to religion what Schiller said about virtue, "Would we might all have it, so that there may be no more said about it."

As for what you write suggesting that I record my recollections,—alas! alas! those that have gone deepest into my soul and changed the whole coloring of my spiritual existence could never be revealed to any mortal ear; and if revealed could never be understood. Over all the fiery abysses on our way to Paradise, we must walk alone over a wire bridge. Lucky for us if the Mohammedan legend prove true, which says that angels stand on the Paradise side, stretching out their arms to help us over.

As for the merely external occurrences of life, I attach but little value to them. Besides my external biography may all be summed up in Mantalini's expressive words, "One demnition grind." I think my dear husband's political recollections might be curious and interesting to those who feel interested in such matters.

I thank you for your expressions of affec-

tion. They do me good, and now with love to all your household, I am
Always your affectionate sister,

Maria.

Wayland, July 9th.

My Dear Mrs. Porter—I was glad to get your letter and was interested in what you wrote about the impression made upon you when so young by hearing Sarah and Angelina Grimké's eloquent protest against slavery. They had the spirit of martyrs. I have been reading Theodore Weld's beautiful tribute to his dear wife Angelina. He was one of our best speakers all through the anti-slavery warfare, always eloquent and strong in every philanthropic movement. The Grimké sisters freed their slaves, and the opposition they met with only strengthened them for their noble act.

I wonder if you ever knew Mattie Griffith, who is now Mrs. Albert G. Browne? She was born in Kentucky. Her family was intensely aristocratic, and she lived all through her childhood and young womanhood in a slaveholding community, all her own property being in slaves, yet she had a noble, humane and generous nature, and from a deep conviction of the sin of slavery, she, despite the opposition of relatives, at the early age of eighteen, freed her slaves, and gave up all her property to go forth penniless and almost friendless into the world to earn her living. She wrote me, "I shall go forth to earn my own living with a light heart, because I have a clear conscience."

When she freed her slaves, they danced and sang and sobbed, and would have kissed her feet if she would have allowed it. Then they insisted on sending their wages to her. When she refused they pleaded hard to do so. Previous to her resolution to free her slaves she had never read any abolition book or heard any anti-slavery speech. She was deeply impressed with the wrongs of the iniquitous system, and determined to be rid of her share in it. You should know Mattie Browne, and I'll arrange for you to meet her some time.

Sincerely yours,

L. Maria Child.

The following interesting letter was written by Mrs. Child to Mattie Griffith after she had freed her slaves and had come to the North to earn her living with her pen:

Wayland, Dec. 21st, 1862.

My Darling Mattie—I have just been reading your story about "Little Pratie," and I was charmed with it. It is a delightful story and delightfully told. The constant maturing of your fine powers of mind is very obvious in what you write. I wish you would illustrate in a story, the kindness, devotion and religious trust of some old slave you have known. The great variety of new openings for pleading the cause of our poor oppressed slaves, and the many proofs that the people are really beginning to understand the subject at last, go far toward reconciling me to all the horrors of this war. It needed an earthquake to shake down the walls of prejudice and let in the light into dark places. If the war should last ten years we should not be punished more than we deserve: and I sometimes fear that God cannot complete the education that is necessary for our salvation in less time than that. Our obduracy and hardness of heart are wonderful, and yet they are less wonderful than the rapid progress that the public mind is making in the right direction. In view of the moral victories I try to forget Bull Run, and the retreat from Fredericksburg. The slaugh-

ter at Fredericksburg made me feel sad and despondent, but my firm conviction is that nothing happens to us that is not necessary for the progress of freedom. Oh this great work of individualizing the masses! What a struggle it is! How the pride and prejudice of men all over the world fight against it! What utter perversion of moral sentiment is manifested by the English aristocracy!

The working classes of England behave well. In several of the manufacturing districts, in the midst of extreme destitution, they have manfully resisted the influence of those who sought to induce them to uphold the Southern Confederacy. Their instincts are true against slavery. I am glad to see such a disposition to send them relief from this country. If my means equalled my wishes I would send them one thousand dollars.

I hope you are going to write more about "The negro as he is." I was peculiarly interested, because I knew it was about your own slaves that you were writing. Mr. Child, who is always chirping and hopeful, is singing,

"And conquer we must,
For our cause it is just."

He has just come in and asks to whom I am writing. When I told him, he exclaimed, "Dear Mattie! God bless her! Tell her I send love and kisses for her beautiful story of 'The Hunchback,' and I wish I could coin kisses into guineas for her."

Are you coming to Boston this winter? If you do, I need not say you will be welcome here. I will do my best for you and greet you with a warm heart.

Your loving old mammy,

L. Maria Child.

Wayland, August 8th, 1858.

My Very Dear Brother—It is somewhat difficult to answer your letter, because you start with the determination not to believe me, unless I endorse your own estimate of yourself. You declare that you "have been nothing and done nothing to excuse you for living," and you add: "You know this is true, and you know that you think so." Now the simple fact is, I do not think so. But how to make you believe it,—that is the question. I think you have done a vast amount of good in many ways. Your conversation always tends to enlarge and liberalize the minds with which you come in contact; many times I have heard people speak of the good your sympathizing words have done them in times of affliction; and for myself I can say most truly, before God, that I consider such intellectual culture, as I have, mainly attributable to your influence; and most sincerely can I say, moreover, that up to this present hour, I prize a chance for communion with your mind more than I do with any other person I know.

I am not what I aspired to be in my days of young ambition; but I have become humble enough to be satisfied with the conviction that what I have written has always been written conscientiously; that I have always spoken with sincerity if not with power. In every direction I see young giants rushing past me, and I am glad to see such strong laborers to plough the land and sow the seed for coming years.

As I have before said, I, as well as yourself, inherit a tendency to despondency, and we ought to doctor it as we would any other disease. I have thought it likely in your case, the hereditary tendency might be increased by the physical effects of tobacco. To break off suddenly from the habit I fear might be injurious; therefore, I have wanted to supply some agreeable substitute for the powerful narcotic.

I have tried of late years to adapt myself to the world as it is. I try to cheer, rather than to be cheered. If I have whereof to impart of inward or outward good, I do it with

all my heart. To make people feel happy without violating the truth or compromising my own sincerity, is the moral arithmetic of my life, and each time I work out a sum of this kind I find the product is my own happiness. So there is selfishness again! But if selfish I must be, by reason of imperfect human nature, I gain something if I can form the habit of being influenced by an enlarged and enlightened kind of selfishness.

The book you sent me is full of striking things, rather calculated to set one afloat, though, than to bring him into harbor.

David was mightily pleased with your excellent letter. It really did him a great deal of good. That *Ode of Alceus* is a truly noble production. How alike are the aspirations of the soul in all ages!

Good night, dear brother. I love and respect you very deeply and truly and am always

Your sympathizing sister,

Maria.

This letter was written to her brother soon after the loss of his wife:

Wayland, Dec. 27th, 1861.

My Dear Brother—I have been thinking of you a great deal to-day. I have felt sure that the spirit of your departed companion would seem to be very near you at this season. I do not wonder at the custom of the ancients in going to the tombs of deceased relatives on the anniversary of their death, with the idea that they should meet them there; for at such seasons memories of the past swarm so that the departed seem constantly around. At Thanksgiving time our poor old father seems to be with me by the fireside, at the dinner table, everywhere. Sometimes it oppresses me with such a sense of reality that I feel as if it must be that he is near me. I presume that you have this feeling now about Abby. How I should like to penetrate behind the veil and know how and where she is now existing. Here it was the body that saddened her mind. Released from corporeal ills, I trust her soul is sunny and hopeful now. I have been thinking of her with much tenderness to-day. Whenever I went to Cambridge during the last three or four years of her life, she received me very affectionately and seemed to take pleasure in paying me every little kind attention she could think of. I shall always cherish her memory with feelings of sympathy and affection. May we all meet together in that world where unveiled souls become better acquainted with each other than it is possible to do here!

This world looks dark to us all just now. My courage has never failed me until this crisis with England arrived. Through all our disasters I have still thought I could see the guiding hand of Providence leading us continually toward the righteous result which can alone secure permanent peace and true prosperity for the nation. But now I begin to doubt whether it is not the design of God to destroy us; or rather, whether the cup of our wickedness is not too full for it to be otherwise, according to the laws by which He rules the universe. Yet it seems as if there was still too much of good and true in the country for it to be lost in the chaos of anarchy or the darkness of despotism. According to present appearances, it was a foregone conclusion with England to make war upon us, and she only waited for a plausible pretext. The Tories there have always cherished a jealousy and dislike of our form of government. It is not agreeable to them to have it proved that the people are capable of governing themselves. And now, when our government is going through such a fiery ordeal, the suppressed animosity blazes forth. Ah! if we only had been a republic, we should have

triumphed over all their evil auguries! God forgive our fathers for listening to the serpent of compromise! If we had had some moral Hercules to strangle it in our cradle, how differently would our history have been written in the impartial future! As it is, shameful, shameful is the record!

Charles Sumner's eulogies upon Bingham and Baker are eloquent, are they not? His is the noblest soul that ever lived in the tide of time. Whoever may swerve from the straight line of rectitude, he never does. He walks as firmly straightforward in the tempest as in the calm.

David sends his love to you. His honest soul is much tried by public affairs; but we both hope on, hope ever.

God bless you, dear brother.

Your affectionate sister,
Maria.

In a letter to her brother dated January 22, 1859, Mrs. Child writes of Buckle and his "History of Civilization":

Dear Brother—We have buckled to Buckle with such earnestness that we have but five or six more pages to read; and contrary to my usual practice, I have read every line. It is a remarkable book, wonderfully full of learning and of thought. I admire its boldness, candor and largeness of view, and I also admire its style. There is none of the obsolete language, the inverted sentences, the Orphic vagueness so fashionable among writers of the present time. He has too much thought to resort to contrivances to keep up an appearance of thinking profoundly. He uses language for its legitimate purpose; namely, to convey his ideas as clearly as possible to the minds of his readers. There is a fallacy running through the whole book, in ascribing all of human progress to the intellect; and I have been trying to explain to my own mind how so close an observer and so great a thinker as he is can have arrived at such a conclusion. It must be that, unconsciously to himself, he includes moral influence *within intellectual* influence. That knowledge is a much more prominent and powerful agent in the advancement of the human race than has generally been admitted or perceived, he proves clearly enough. But does not the knowledge of our moral duties come in for a great share in the work? He says moral laws have made no advancement; that they have always been and always will be the same. This is true in regard to the fundamental principles of morality. Thus as soon as two human beings existed, each would naturally perceive that it was right to deal by the other as he would wish to be dealt by. The fundamental principles of mathematics are also unchangeable; but has there been no progress in the application of those principles? And has not the application of old moral principles to new emergencies been conspicuous in the progress of human affairs? Has not the same law of natural morality to which I have alluded done an immense work for prisoners, for the insane, for the enslaved? Was there no progress in the larger and larger extension of the application of an obvious moral law? I do not see how he can attribute that extension entirely or even mainly to the intellect. Is not the general reform in prison discipline more owing to the influence John Howard exerted over the feelings and consciences of men than it is owing to any statistics he furnished? Doubtless an enlightened expediency has since come to the aid of conscience and good feeling; but the movement in Howard's mind was, I take it, a purely moral one, and he arouses the attention of men by stimulating their

moral sensibilities. Slavery was abolished in England by the force of the moral feeling of the people, in opposition to statesmen and those who rely upon expediency. The nations who have since abolished it have, I think, arrived at the result more through convictions of good policy. But is it not evident in these examples that intellectual and moral force go hand in hand in human progress?

I want to hear you talk about it. You always have a great faculty of clearing away the cobwebs from my mind.

Speaking of Buckle, I want to send him my "Progress of Religious Ideas," without saying anything about it. . . . I should like to send three volumes of mine and I should also like to enclose a letter in the volumes. Will you be so good as to enquire in your own name of Phillips and Sampson if they are sending the Atlantic Monthly to London, what would be the expense of sending three volumes in their package? Also ask when they next send.

David unites with me in a very affectionate remembrance to you all. As for myself, I am very well bodily but am afflicted with chronic mental stupidity for want of any exciting influence on my mind. I can stimulate my bodily circulation by cold water and crash towels, but a supply of water and towels for the mind is not at my command in this drowsy town.

Good-bye, my dear brother. Blessings be with you all.

Your affectionate sister,
L. Maria Child.

In a letter to her brother dated January 22, 1862, she writes:

I always was a home body, and the older we grow the more do we feel that there is no place like home. Mine is a humble one, and not without great inconveniences, but I am used to it, and my life, though lonely, has a great deal of freedom. For every advantage of society we have to pay a high price in bondage to conventional forms. The result of my experience is, that it does not pay the cost. Yet I must confess, there are times my isolation becomes oppressive; and were it not for external circumstances beyond my power to change or modify, I might perhaps consent to take society on its own hard terms. As it is, I am always busy for others, and therefore generally cheerful.

The care I took of our good old father has, as it were, consecrated this house to my memory; and yet there is a great deal of sadness mixed with the memories. I certainly tried, with tender solicitude, to do my utmost for his comfort, but now it seems to me as if there were many things I might have done better. But who is there that does not reproach themselves unreasonably when thinking of departed friends? And then, in so many cases, we seem not to know what is right or best until it is too late to do it. Poor benighted travellers are we, through a dark forest unlighted by stars; and for each one the North Star is his own polarity, bring him out where it will. Dickens, describing the room where old Dorrit died, calls it "the chamber where the wanderings and the stumbings of a life came to an end." Is it not descriptive of all our human lives? But there is an infinite purpose in all this. Wandering and stumbling, the soul moves on to higher planes and larger spheres. Sometime or other we shall reach an elevation where we can see why it was necessary for us to begin our travels blindfolded.

I thank you cordially for your kind solicitude about us. I thank you, too, for the eloquent letter you wrote in answer to my stammering words about the dear lost companion

of your life. It is a pity you do not write more letters, you write such beautiful ones.

I have lately received a letter from Hon. Mr. Julian, M. C., from Indiana, accompanying a very sensible, high-toned and thoroughgoing speech which he recently made in the House. He is a member of the Committee for the Management of the War, and has a chance to know what has been done and what is contemplated. He writes: "Things look dark to me from this standpoint. I can hardly restrain my impatience when I see this letting the nation slide to unnecessary ruin. I had literally no hope until the Secretary of War was appointed; but he is the right man in the right place, and now I think we shall have a more vigorous policy."

Where we are drifting it is impossible to foresee; but we cannot bring up at a worse place than we were driving toward on the smooth sliding plane of national degeneracy before the war.

Affectionately yours,
Maria.

I recall with great distinctness a conversation with Mrs. Child at Mrs. Maria W. Chapman's reception on the evening before the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in January, 1861. A large company was assembled, and Mrs. Child while talking with me expressed great anxiety to see Wendell Phillips because she had heard there was danger of a mob at the meeting the next day, and she had also heard that Mayor Wightman was in sympathy with the proslavery men, who were determined to break up the meeting, and that Wendell Phillips was to be attacked by the mob. She also told me that some young men were to serve as an armed body-guard to protect Phillips from bodily injury.

Mrs. Child was very much troubled, and talked with friends as they came through the crowded rooms to where we were sitting. She urged them all to be early at Tremont Temple, where the meeting was to be held, in order to hold a preliminary meeting in regard to the alarming situation. I went early to the hall. Mrs. Child and several others were there in earnest conversation; Edmund Quincy, who was to preside, James Freeman Clarke, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and several of the leading abolitionists of Boston. The anti-slavery people were

out in full force, and the meeting opened without disturbance.

I chanced to sit next to Mrs. Child. She was greatly relieved when the meeting opened so well, but soon the mob began to shout, stamp, yell and sing. It was pandemonium. The uproar was deafening as they sang, "Tell John Andrew, tell John Andrew, tell John Andrew John Brown's dead!" James Freeman Clarke tried to speak, but he was greeted with insulting yells, and was obliged to desist. Then Wendell Phillips next tried, but his voice was drowned by hoots and yells. At last he went to the front of the platform, leaned forward and addressed his speech to the reporters, saying: "Although this mob will not allow me to speak, yet they cannot prevent the newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific from copying what I say." The mob seeing that Phillips was talking at the reporters, shouted: "Speak louder, we want to hear what you are saying!" Phillips immediately raised his voice and talked for half an hour in his most eloquent and forceful manner. After Phillips came Ralph Waldo Emerson, who tried to address the audience, but he was not allowed by the mob to speak, and was greeted by howls of rage. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson succeeded in making himself heard and spoke in a masterly manner for freedom of speech. After the meeting adjourned the mob waited outside to assail Phillips, but he was protected by his armed body-guard.

Those were exciting and troublous times to live in, before, during, and after the Civil War. After the passage of the fugitive slave law, in 1850, how were our hearts stirred with deepest shame and indignation when Anthony Burns and Thomas Sims were sent back to bondage. Mrs. Child having seen a letter from Sims to his

sister, expressing an intense longing for freedom, wrote:

"As Massachusetts sent him back into slavery, Massachusetts should bring him back. I expected to write a hundred begging letters. Sims is a skilful mechanic, and his master asked \$1800 for him. But I got it! I got it! After I had written eighteen letters a gentleman wrote me that he would pay me the whole of it, if I would not mention his name." After the war was over Mrs. Child wrote to a friend who had asked the name of the generous man: "The gentleman who gave \$1800 for the redemption of Thomas Sims was Major-General Devens, who was United States marshal at the time of the rendition of Sims. He made the offer unasked, and when Sims found his way to the North, he sent him, through me, one hundred dollars to assist him until he could get into business. I suppose that his idea of the necessity of sustaining law led him to do what pained his heart at the time and troubled his conscience afterward. But you would rarely find a man who would so nobly atone for an error."

Mrs. Child, from early womanhood, was always faithful to duty, was interested in every question relating to humanity; the equality of civil rights irrespective of sex; peace, temperance, engaged her life-long attention. The hand that penned such righteous rebukes to the slave-holders, and to the northern defenders of slavery, also wrote those charming "Letters from New York," those exquisite descriptions of Ole Bull's inspirational violin playing, while she was co-editor with her husband of "The Anti-Slavery Standard." For more than eight years she lived in New York city in a most congenial atmosphere, in the home of that famous philanthropist Isaac T. Hopper, of whose remarkable life-work she afterward wrote. Whittier said of

her portrayal of this man, so faithful to his convictions of duty: "It is one of the most readable biographies in English literature."

During the Civil War, when New York city was for days held by the throat by a brutal mob that hanged helpless little colored children at the lamp-posts, the house of this good and great man was looted and destroyed, so fiendish even so late as that, was the pro-slavery spirit.

Mr. Child died in 1874, at their home in Wayland. The blow was a very severe one to his wife. Of their ideal married life of sympathy and intellectual companionship a friend wrote: "The domestic happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Child seemed to me perfect. Their sympathies, their admiration of all things good, their hearty hatred of all things evil were in perfect unison. Mr. Child shared his wife's enthusiasms and was very proud of her. Their affection, never paraded, was always manifest."

A tribute to her husband, found after her death among her papers, will give an idea of their simple and beautiful home life: "In 1852 we made a humble home in Wayland, Mass., where we spent twenty-two pleasant years entirely alone without any servant, mutually serving each other and dependent upon each other for intellectual companionship. I always depended upon his richly stored mind, which was able and ready to furnish needed information on any subject. He was my walking dictionary of many languages, my universal encyclopedia. In his old age he was as affectionate and devoted as the lover of my youth, nay, he even manifested more tenderness. He was often singing, 'There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's old dream.'

"Very often when he passed me he would lay his hand upon my head and

murmur, '*Carissima caput.*' But what I remember with the most tender gratitude is his uniform patience and forbearance with my faults. He never would see anything but the bright side of my character. He always insisted that everything I said was the wisest and the wittiest, that whatever I did was the best; the simplest *jeu d'esprit* of mine seemed to him wonderfully witty. Once when he said, 'I wish for your sake, dear, that I was as rich as Croesus,' I answered, 'You are Croesus, for you are King of Lydia.' How often he used to quote that! His mind was unclouded to the last. He had a passion for philology, and only eight hours before he passed away he was searching for the derivation of a word."

After the death of Mr. Child in 1874 she wrote: "I was wonderfully calm at the time, but now I get more and more sensitive and distressed. I try hard to overcome my grief, for I do not want to cast a shadow over others. I do feel very thankful that he did not suffer for a long time, that the powers of his mind were undimmed to the last, that my strength and faculties were preserved to take care of him to the end, and that the heavy burden of loneliness is laid upon me rather than upon him. But at times it seems to me as if I could no longer bear the load. I keep breaking down. I go back to my darling old mate with a more desperate and clinging tenderness. And when there comes no response but the memory of that narrow little spot where I planted flowers the day before I left, it seems to me as if all were gone, and as if I stood utterly alone on a solitary rock in mid-ocean, alone in midnight darkness, hearing nothing but the surging of the cold waves."

In February, 1880, at the request of Mrs. Child, I wrote her a description

of the celebration of Ole Bull's seventieth birthday on February 5th. It was indeed a red-letter evening, never to be forgotten. In reply she wrote: "I thank you for your most interesting account of the birthday party. What a distinguished company was there assembled, and how much you must have enjoyed listening to dear Ole's marvellous playing. No one can question his inspirational genius. Have you ever read my 'Letters from New York?' After I had heard Ole Bull for the first time I wrote, (with what some of my friends called 'excessive enthusiasm') 'I had no need of musical knowledge to feel the subtle influence of his power, my soul was for the first time baptised in music that transcended science, or rather, I should say, technique. His personal appearance increases the charm. His inspired soul looks out of his beautiful eyes. When he takes his violin and holds it caressingly to his ear to catch the first vibration of the strings, it seems as if angels were whispering to him, and the wondrous look in his eyes is the beauty of inspiration.'"

After the death of Ole Bull, in the summer of 1880, Mrs. Child wrote me: "The news of the death of Ole Bull at his home in Norway affected me deeply. I have been living in the past to-day, and recalling that, as I listened to his marvelous playing, how much that music was to my soul. It filled me with inexpressible joy and the highest aspiration. At his first concert in New York the audience was wild with delight and the members of the orchestra laid down their instruments in ecstatic wonder. I think the finest thing ever written about Ole Bull is Longfellow's tribute to him in 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.' That part of it where he describes his personality is charming:

"Last the Magician as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face,
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed;
The angel with the violin
Painted by Raphael he seemed."

James Russell Lowell, who was a warm friend of Mrs. Child, wrote thus of her in his "Fable for Critics":

"Yes, a great heart is hers, one that dares
to go in
To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,
And to bring into each, or to find there some
line
Of the never completely out-tramped divine."

Mrs. Child survived her husband more than six years, and her intellectual powers remained unimpaired to her last hour. On October 10, 1880, her beautiful and beneficent life closed on earth. The funeral was at Wayland, and her old friend Wendell Phillips had in her life of almost unparalleled generosity and self-abnegation a fit theme for his pathetic eloquence. With the last verses of the beautiful tribute of John Greenleaf Whittier to his friend this imperfect sketch of the most scholarly, philanthropic and in every way remarkable woman of this country must close:

"Not for brief days thy generous sympathies,
Thy scorn of selfish ease,
Not for the poor prize of an earthly goal
Thy strong uplift of soul."

"Than thine was never turned a fonder heart
To nature and to art
In fair-formed Hellas in her golden prime,
Thy Philothea's time."

"Yet, loving beauty, thou couldst pass it by,
And for the poor deny
Thyself, and see thy fresh sweet flower of
fame
Wither in blight and blame."

"Sharing His love, who holds in His embrace
The lowliest of our race,
Sure the Divine economy must be
Conservative of thee!"

"For truth must live with truth, self sacrifice,
Seek out its great allies,
Good must find good, by a gravitation sure,
And love with love endure."

"And so since thou hast passed within the gate
Whereby awhile I wait,
I give blind grief and blinder sense the lie,
Thou hast not lived to die!"

CHICAGO FIRE DEPARTMENT STORIES

(II.—Pipeman Pat Egan)

By William Prescott Cornell

CHICAGO was in the grasp of bitter cold weather. The temperature hovered between three and five degrees below zero. The hour was 6 o'clock, and thousands of clerks and business and professional men and women were hurrying through the chilling blasts to the warmth of their firesides. Those who happened in the vicinity of Washington and Dearborn streets were suddenly startled by the cry of "fire." The three upper floors of the Mason block were in a blaze, and before the alarm was turned in the flames were fast mounting to the roof, while burning brands dropping down the elevator shafts in the rear, were kindling new fires on the lower floors.

Three blocks to the south was Engine 3's house. The men were scattered around their quarters, some playing checkers around the warm stove, while others were preparing for an early bedtime.

Ding, ding, ding—ding, ding, sounded the "joker" bell for box 32. Marshal Horan, whose headquarters were in the same house, took the location from the running card. "Washington and Dearborn" he yelled as the horses, released automatically from their fastening, came running to their places.

Pipeman Pat Egan was one of those preparing to retire for the night. He came down the brass pole with a rush, did his share of the hitching and flipped the tail end of the hose cart as it rolled swiftly out in the freezing air. The flames could be seen mounting high above the roofs of the surrounding blocks. Egan hadn't time even to

don his helmet when the corner was reached.

From the west there came with a noisy rattle and clanging gong the ponderous apparatus of Truck 6, stopping abruptly, with brakes hard set, directly in front of the burning building.

A cry of horror from the crowd already assembled caused Pipeman Pat Egan, among others, to look upward. A window on the fifth floor was raised and a man stepped out on the sill. He felt his way cautiously over the narrow, treacherous footing to the next window on the west, and so on until he reached the adjoining building. Then he broke a window and disappeared through it to safety.

Scarcely had he performed this feat when a young girl appeared at the raised window. The knowledge that her only safety lay in the same method of escape, and the fact that the fire was raging fiercely behind her, unnerved her. She sat down on the narrow stone sill, while the ruddy glare of the flames above, now bursting from every window, revealed a white, frightened face glancing appealingly from the dizzy height for help.

Already Truck 6's men were raising their aerial ladder as fast as the windlass would turn. It was Pipeman Egan's duty to lead out the hose with the men of his company. But he saw another duty before him, and the extension had not been run out to its height when he was half way up the ladder, mounting the slippery rungs with the agility of a squirrel. Close behind him was Marshal Horan.

Pipeman Egan reached the top rung. To his dismay he found that

the imperiled girl was seven feet above him. A hoarse groan of anguish rising to his ears, above the roar of flames overhead and the din of battle below, conveyed to him the fact that the crowd below had discovered the new peril of both.

"Stay where you are, little girl," he gasped through the thick smoke which almost enveloped him. "Don't jump till I tell you. I'll save you somehow."

He made a sweeping motion with his right hand. Truck 6's men understood the signal. A couple of turns of the windlass and the frail top of the ladder swung out two feet from the wall. Then Egan stepped to the topmost rung and placed his hands against the hot brick wall for support.

The smoke nearly choked him. Small flakes of stone chipped off the sills by the intense heat above him, fell in showers upon his bared head, inflicting tiny cuts from which the blood trickled slowly. One piece larger than the rest cut a deep gash in his head and the blood almost blinded him. He brushed it away with one hand and steadied himself again. Flames now appeared in the window behind the half-conscious girl. Her dress had begun to blaze.

"Jump toward me," he said hoarsely, and, with a wild, agonizing scream, the girl launched herself from the window. She fell squarely in those arms and sinews of oak braced against the hot wall, which was blistering Egan's hands.

The impact was something fearful. Pipeman Egan staggered for a moment. The slender ladder top swayed like a reed in a windstorm. He steadied himself again with his heavy burden, preparatory to a perilous descent. Flames burst from the window where the girl had taken refuge and scorched his face. Her burning

dress was scorching his body through his thick flannel shirt.

Marshal Horan was close behind him. "Hold on her, Pat," he said.

Pipeman Egan was too choked to answer. The girl had fainted in his arms, and it took all of his strength to keep from falling seventy-five feet to the ground. Marshal Horan seized him by the right leg. "Step down, Pat," he said; "I'll steady you."

As carefully as a mother teaching her babe to walk, the marshal put Egan's foot on the rung below. He did the same with the left foot. Slowly they crept down in this manner until Egan's hands could grasp the ladder's sides. Then the descent was quicker. A spray nozzle was turned on them as they reached the foot of the ladder, which cooled Egan's burns and extinguished the girl's blazing dress.

Not until he reached the hastily summoned ambulance did Egan relinquish his burden, and, placing his charge in the basket stretcher, he turned to his superior officer and, saluting, asked permission to have his injuries attended to. His hair and mustache were burned off close. Blood from the numerous cuts on his head had trickled over his face, giving him a frightful appearance. His hands were badly burned and he complained of severe pains in his chest, resulting from inhaling hot air. Citizens broke through the police lines to grasp his hands, but were caught and thrust back by stalwart bluecoats. Unaided, he went to the nearest doctor's office for relief.

I met the grizzled old chief an hour or so later. "Pretty brave act of Pipeman Egan," I ventured to suggest.

"Yes," sententiously replied the veteran fireman, through the icicles which had formed on his whiskers. "Lieutenant Egan is a brave fellow."



Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

TIME'S FORELOCK

THERE is much to be heard about Time's forelock, but I have yet to know the man who has seen this frontal appendage, or taken hold of it with blind energy, as the maxim pertaining thereto recommends. Notwithstanding, there does seem to be one man abroad in our American land who is turning about the old gentleman with the scythe by means of this forelock, and holding that most important individual, Time, in easy conversation, with his back to the graveyard.

Andrew Carnegie, having determined upon a gradual and agreeable journey down Life's hill, is canny as his race in thus grasping the great common divisor of our minutes and seconds in an affectionate, detaining embrace. Perhaps of all the benefices Mr. Carnegie has bestowed upon his fellow men, this example of what old age should be is the greatest. No man can be the worse off for a palatable object lesson, and although few are equipped with Mr. Carnegie's large opportunities, nearly all, in simpler fashion, might end their days in mellow sunshine were they to work from their earliest youth with a similar object in view. Mr. Carnegie says in a recent letter:

"My resolve was made in youth to retire before old age. From what I have seen around me, I cannot doubt the wisdom of this course, although the change is great, even serious, and seldom brings the happiness expected. But this is because so many, having abundance to retire upon, have so little to retire to. The fathers in olden days taught that a man should have time before the end of his career for the 'making of his soul.' I have always felt that old age should be spent, not, as the Scotch say, in 'making mickle mair,' but in making good use of what had been acquired."

Modern life has taken on, like barnacles, habits of energy which, to say the least, are not always wisely directed. If the paraphrase be permitted—what profiteth it a man to gain the whole world and lose his own sense of enjoyment?

Men scurry about the earth like competitive mice after a morsel of cheese; but the successful mouse can smack his lips over the cheese once secured; the successful man who knows how to enjoy riches once acquired is greatly in the minority. The very rich man awakens one day to find his powers of enjoyment devitalized, similar to an unused leg or arm. The life has gone out of every simple joy; he can turn

only to a study of his bank account for recreation; and as for the old-fashioned "making of his soul!"—there is no time for that short of the day of judgment.

Parents in the average walks of life, taking a false attitude of self-sacrifice, agree upon giving their children "every advantage" at any cost, forgetting that a child's best advantage comes directly from daily contact with cultivated parents whose mental and spiritual development in maturity should at least keep pace with that of their own children. Accordingly, these parents deny themselves books, travel, pictures, the theatre and good music, each and every one steps to the higher education not obtainable in schools; all, that ungrateful children may have more than their share. Homes are frequently, in this way, made uninteresting to the offspring who get away at their earliest opportunity, leaving their parents to an old age of dry bread, figuratively speaking; incapable of enjoying the better offerings of the world, when at last their chance at them comes round.

Mr. Gibson's Mr. Pip was scarcely a caricature; once out on "a toot" he was simply "larky"; eager for the low side of novelty; obtuse to the higher. At heart Mr. Pip was a thoroughly reliable male creature, decent in his aims and habits; but nothing more. No one attribute—not even decency—is enough. It is safe to say that if all the members of the brotherhood of Pips were to emulate the life of Andrew Carnegie—no matter in how small a way—the American business man would soon establish for himself a general respect for more than his business side. If every business man owned a vest pocket edition of Marcus Aurelius, and, after the fashion of some, read him in a friendly, neighborly way in leisure moments yellow

journalism would not fatten alarmingly, and our nation might run a chance of multiplying its Andrew Carnegies.

Mr. Carnegie's character grows, the nearer one approaches it, like a plum cake to a hungry boy's eyes. An old Scotch woman once said to me, "Do you ken a man in the states named Andy Carnegie? He came, as did I, from a proper distance from Edinboro. Mony a time has my neighbor thumped him, a laddy, for his ways; yes, she held him in her arms an' smacked him for his ways; but now all the neighbors hold him high, and there's hardly a one as does not profit by his kindness. Hasn't he pensioned mony a one? He has; an' Andy's a great, rich man now, but he never forgets he was born in a brae, little hoose no bigger'n this room. He's ever a mind for the pit from whence he was digged."

AN ENDOWED THEATRE

THERE is no class of workers among us more worthy of assistance and encouragement than the actor giving his life in what seems to be a hopeless endeavor to influence popular enjoyment in the direction of what may be designated as the thoughtful drama. I say influence *enjoyment* rather than *taste*, because taste without enjoyment is unreliable and unstable where amusements are concerned. A man must enjoy a thoughtful analysis of life or it means nothing to him one way or another. The current phrases, "I go to the theatre to be amused," "I read a book to pass away time" ring discordantly in the ears of an actor or writer having faith to believe his fellow-citizens might find entertainment (if not amusement, in the sense of laughter) in some portrayal of the higher attributes

and incidents of human character and life. One American actor after another, beginning with Mr. Booth, has vainly striven to produce plays of the best quality and has failed ignominiously owing to lack of popular support, and, consequently, the material necessities of his own life. In France the government and public sentiment attend to these matters, and so force the higher forms of drama down the public throat, until one day the public awakens to find itself enjoying its theatrical medicine—crying for it, like babies for certain well-advertised foods. In England one actor has given his life to this cause, has endured failure and vituperative criticism without end; but his unremitting endeavors have finally been crowned, now that he owns a theatre and there presents what he considers worthy plays for an intelligent people.

In America it is still quite different. One actor in particular can be specified who has made heroic attempts to present dramatically valuable plays, excellently well mounted and acted, but has now to acknowledge himself a failure from the point of view of financial success; and for the reason that man cannot live on dry bread alone, he must perforce betake himself to some kind of dramatic froth or obtain no theatrical bookings for next year. This seems indeed a crying need for philanthropy. A few thousand dollars yearly would establish and endow a theatre in some large city where such an ambitious actor could find an opportunity, and where the literary drama would meet encouragement. A popular plaint bemoans the lack of American playwrights. How can there be commendable playwriting with no one to act the plays once written because there is no audience for such plays?

The importance of this matter is undeniable when considered with a view

to the enormous number of theatre-goers. The idea as advanced coincides with the modern theory of heaven—that in any case it must be made as attractive as hell in order to persuade people there.

TERPSICHORE

IT is an agreeable fancy to believe that the day after the Twilight of the Gods, Terpsichore, the goddess of joyous bodily movement, Queen of the dance, was found wandering amid May flowers; left on earth a joyous solitary, whose mission was to shower bright spots upon the earthly shadows in which mankind moves and has its being. This bright maiden still reigns over youth; still leads the merry moods of innocent joy, ever singing songs of gladness into willing ears. Until prosaic days befel us Terpsichore presided over the first of May; she lent grace and exuberance to the celebrations of lads and lassies. Even now in duller, less spontaneous times, she walks a glad measure wherever gay hearts and the spirit of May are to be found. There are higher, more profound joys allotted to the human mind, but none so buoyant, so reviving, so vitalizing as the joy of dancing. It is only comparable to the probable sensation of birds flying through the air; an exercise equally graceful, but lacking in the rhythmic accompaniment of music, whose effect upon the nerves is to arouse a sense of physical joyousness not to be obtained by any other means.

The winter months of life are disproportionately many; we have but one May-time; one goddess left to us. May brings a smile to wear on our hearts, and a new dance step to ornament our feet. Be it known that May is but a modern name for Terpsichore—the gay-hearted philanthropist dispensing joy upon the earth.



LITTLE CURLY

LITTLE CURLY she is fair,
 Brown and curly is her hair.
 This in saucy fashion lies,
 Nearly hiding two brown eyes.
 Little Curly, let them stay;
 Do not brush your curls away.
 Little Curly's face, I ween,
 Has the roundness of a queen;
 And her cheeks are tinted red,
 Like the roses overhead.
 Little Curly keep them so;
 Do not let the roses go.
 Little Curly's mouth is small,
 Made for kissing, that is all,
 And to speak kind words and true
 While she journeys her life through.
 Little Curly, promise me,
 You will always truthful be.
 Little Curly's heart is light;
 Soft she sings from morn till night.
 Dancing, laughing, free from care,
 Shedding sunshine everywhere.
 Little Curly, happy heart,
 May your sunshine ne'er depart!

Joe Cone

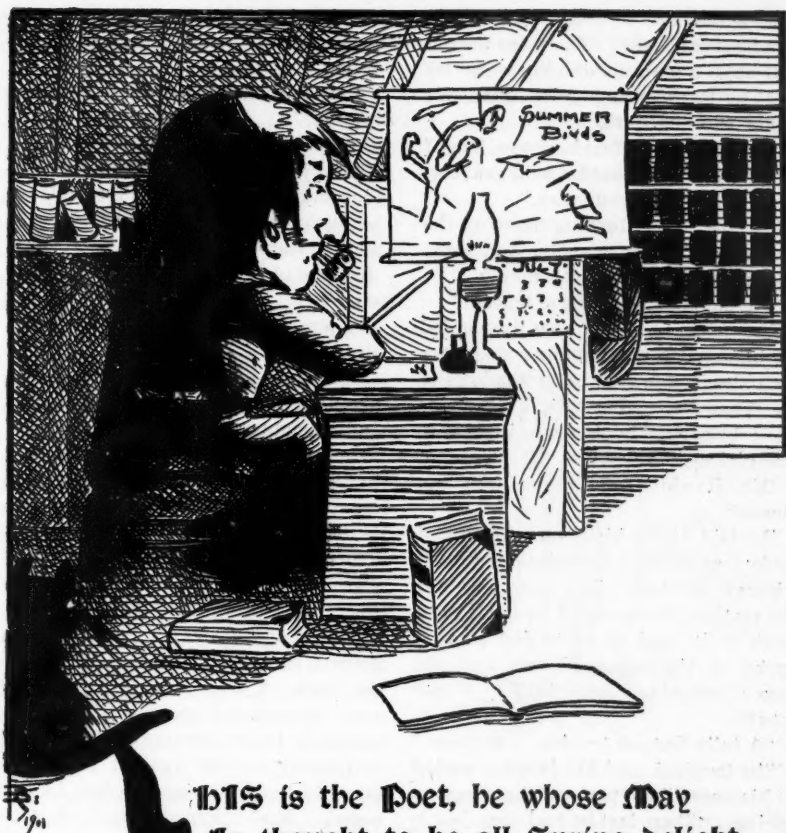
A SPRING MADRIGAL

THE March wind, which had blown a
 gale all day, went down with the
 sun, and an elm upon the hill-top

lifted in motionless silhouette against
 a fleckless daffodil sky. The air was
 moist and held an intangible odor of
 the spring, whose approach was told
 by the peep of frogs from a nearby
 marsh and the plush-like, silver gray
 pussy buttons just beginning to fasten
 the shining bark of willow bushes at
 the wall corner. Spring mud, too,
 Bazil Hawkins thought, as he walked
 beside slow oxen, which sank heavy
 feet deep in mire at every step. Then
 he flicked his whip at the plodding
 animals and "geed," for against the
 daffodil sky appeared the jerking top
 of a phaeton, and the road below the
 hill was narrow.

When the phaeton reached the corner
 the red oxen were making willing
 wait for it to pass—their heaving sides
 and inflated nostrils telling how well
 they had pulled, while their driver,
 with long lashed goad thrown over his
 arm, leaned elbow against the shoulder
 of one patient creature and looked into
 the face of the girl who rode toward
 him out of the sunset west.

It was a face freshly tinted, wide-
 eyed, bow-lipped—a charming face to
 look into! And so Bazil thought as he
 met a return glance to which he raised
 his cap soberly—for her bow, slight
 enough, too, was followed by such tilt
 of chin as has sent the courage from



THIS is the Poet, he whose May
Is thought to be all Spring delight.
Mid-summer verse he writes all day
And often far into the night.
This poetry of Spring, you know,
He had to write some months ago.

man's heart many a time since the days of Eden. When the only woman a man cares to please is the only woman he cannot please life may seem a problem not solvable. Yet Fate sometimes intervenes for would-be wooer when the mistress of his thoughts tilts her chin at him, and now a tricky

spirit of fear brought the little, black horse to a snorting halt.

"Dandy, go on!" commanded a voice from the phaeton.

But Fate had not intervened sufficiently, and Dandy braced and backed and would not go on.

"I never saw him behave in so ridic-

ulous a manner. I think he is afraid of those meal bags." The voice insinuated that a man should know better than to be teaming grist upon the public thoroughfare.

"I think he is afraid of the bags," the object of insinuation said gravely. "I will get out of your way."

But the first splashing move of the oxen brought more prancing and backing and an appealing statement:

"He has kicked over the traces!"

The wide eyes, the bow lips smiled at him with commanding coquetry from the Rembrandtesque shadows of the phaeton. Yet Basil Hawkins stood lingering by the waiting oxen. The girl looked down at the oozy mud.

"Mr. Hawkins, won't you help me, please?"

He laid the whip over the yoked necks and crossed the mire-deep road. Though to right the traces was but the matter of a moment he made slow work of it, and as he busied himself spoke of the pussy-willows and the frog's croaking, and finally of her return.

"A fully fledged teacher, I suppose."

She laughed, and her laugh sounded in his ears like a part of the opening spring. When last he had seen her it was at the Christmas vacation, amid falling snow.

"Only a pin-feather teacher. I don't get my diploma until June, although I was graduated last week and came home yesterday."

She felt a little satisfied, scholarly pride in this speech; but he met her correctness readily.

"You have been graduated? I congratulate you. And home must be happy to have you back again."

Almost any one else in the little town would have said, "So you graduated?" She looked at the well-built, erect figure in overall suiting and felt top boots, which somehow lent to the

wearer's vigor of young litheness, and for the second time was conscious of defeat.

"Can you teach before you get your diploma?"

Now she triumphed femininely.

"Oh, yes; a school friend who has secured a position in New Jersey is on the outlook for me and will write of the first vacancy."

Instead of wincing at this pin prick he smiled.

"There are mosquitos in New Jersey."

"And mud here! After being away this place seems a hundred years behind macadam."

He had taken the reins from her that he might better control Dandy's impatience as the traces were adjusted, and still holding them he cut a few willow branches, burgeoned with silkened silver. Then he gave the lines into her hands again, and she drove away. Presently she peeped through the eye window in the back of the phaeton. The red oxen had reached the top of the hill, and their driver, turning as they halted in panting *bas-relief* against the daffodil west, looked along the way he had come. She clapped the reins on Dandy's back as if to hasten his walk—then peeped once more through the eye window. The *bas-relief* still showed against the west. The pinfeather teacher looked down at the pussy blooms, and smiled. Well, he *was* a handsome fellow.

. . .

The mud dried to solidity, which left a dusty cloud in the wake of every team; yellow butterflies hovered about the roadway; hills sloping to southward looked green in the distance; and sheltered nooks showed the fragile whiteness of bloodroot blooms among winter-sered leaves and grasses. Hepatica and wind flowers were be-

ginning to bud; all the woods showed red and yellow blossom fringes, and soft winds were rich with the smell of growing things. The crescendo of meadow lark rang clearly across the upland, and the mellow warble of the bluebird told that the fullness of the season was at hand with such promise of love and life as thrills the heart of youth to blessed surety that somewhere along the highway of Spring its dearest desire is waiting.

Bazil Hawkins, driving slowly across the country in the warmth of the day's noon, felt the bluebird warble like the elixir in his veins, and saw before him his dearest desire—a slender figure, carrying itself with proud little poise of head which would have betrayed her back to him so far as his eye could see; for was it not for this that he loved her—for this, and for her lift of brows, her tilt of chin? Nay, not for any of these things—as never yet lived man who could tell why he loved a maid. He drew rein, and the Spring looked up at him from under her lashes.

"Miss Andrews, this isn't a coach and four."

She laughed, and he sprang to the ground. Had he asked her to ride she would have refused, but his cleverness amused her.

"Then it won't turn to mice and a pumpkin shell. Thank you for saying that I don't remind you of cinders and ashes, sir."

How he blessed the high farm wagon that she could not escape his helping hand. The roan horses trotted on with three passengers—for between man and maid sat one, who, all unseen, fluttered his Cupid wings against the shoulder of each.

"So you wouldn't be a princess if you had first to be a Cinderella?"

"Isn't a pinfeather teacher a Cinderella?"

How the elixir of the bluebird warble rioted in his veins! Never was it so difficult for man to keep from saying what he would—but the time had not come. To speak now would be using a wayside courtesy, and this merry maid of the April noon would



become again the will-o'-the-wisp of a March sunset. So in casual chat he stopped at her own door.

"He might be a little nicer company, someday," she thought—feeling as if he hardly appreciated her condescension, and so was over the wheel and to the ground before he could get down. Then, looking up to thank him for the drive, she saw his disappointment, and mischievously lifted the letter in her hand.

"The New Jersey mosquitoes won't get a bite at me this summer. The vacancy I've anticipated has been filled and I shall just have to wait around here for my pinfeathers to become quills."

He could not keep the gladness

from his face, but he said only, "Perhaps this is as good a place as any to feather out in."

"Perhaps it is; and by fall my wings will be quite grown. Good-bye."

Yet he whistled as he drove away.

When next they met the grass was pinned down with violets and all the world was apple blossom sweet. Beyond, along the slopes of undulating hills, were patches and wreaths and trails of apple blossoms marking lane or house lot or orchard; and here and there and everywhere were more apple blossoms. But the fairest, the most



enchanting spot of all was this below the Andrew farmhouse, where in pink calico, bare headed and with basket in hand, walked Eunice—the very embodiment of the May!

From the grass bobolinks flew up to hover above their hidden nests with bubblings of liquid glee; orioles flashed flamelike among the bowered branches,

dropping a jubilant monotony of notes; bluebirds warbled hither and yon, pouring out the elixir of their brief scale as if it were the wine of the whole year. But all this was nothing in Basil's ears, for *she* was singing, her voice as fresh as the morning itself:

*"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun.*

*"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When life is done."*

His shadow fell before her, and she turned.

"I called at the door to see your father about seed corn for late sowing, and your mother said he was here."

"He has gone to mill. Mother made a mistake."

Cupid, hidden among blossomed branches above man and maid, laughed—and a shower of petals floated down upon their heads.

"I heard you singing."

"I shouldn't have sung had I known I had an audience."

Cupid laughed again—and one pinky-white petal touched like a kiss upon her cheek.

"I'm glad you didn't know."

She grew confused, and afraid of what she could not define.

"I started out to get greens," she said, looking down into her basket.

How the birds were singing! And each tuned to the same song, and that was Eunice! Eunice! Eunice! Strange that they should sing thus? Ah, no! stranger far had they sung anything else. There was more than bluebird warble in his veins now—he was thrilling to the diapason of the whole world! If the birds could repeat her name, why not he?

"Eunice."

She stood blushing before one who had never spoken love. The will-o'-the-wisp maiden of a March sunset, the merry maiden of an April noon—ah! where were they? Surely this wordless queen of the auroral light was never kin to them!

"Eunice—Eunice."

A shower of petals fell upon the two heads below as Cupid darted off with empty quiver, his work done—for each was looking in the other's eyes.

"When your wings are grown won't you try to fly to me, Eunice?"

O hush! O hark! the feathered choir stilled suddenly to rapturous silence; the blue dome of Heaven seemed bending to listen as a single bluebird, intoxicated with apple blossom perfume, warbled its promise of love and life—and then all sang together again, sang of mating! mating! mating! Was ever day like? Nay, never! The world has been made and re-made for lovers since first it was given form, and no two pair of lovers can love alike.

"Sweetheart—Eunice."

So they walked together, hand in hand, through the shadow dapples of the sunny blossomed orchard in the morning of their May.

Mary Clarke Huntington

A QUESTION OF SEX

HOW many men can a woman love?—

The cynic answered, "None",
The bachelor said seven, the traveler
eleven,

While the youth murmured "Only
one!"

How many women can one man love?—

That is a matter of chance,
It all depends on his women friends
And whether they care for romance.

William Wallace Whitelock

THE LUCK OF CYNTHIA HOBBS

"NANCY Jane Peters!" exclaimed Miss Cynthia Hobbs, pausing with waterpot suspended, "Would you believe it?—the century plant's budded!"

And it was so. Down in the center of the bunch of spotted leaves nestled a cluster of tender green buds.

"Well, I suppose I'll be the lucky Hobbs, but what my fortune's likely to be is more than I can make out. I don't know of a soul who would be likely to leave me any money; every one of my relations is poor as church mice. Pshaw! I don't believe there's anything in it, anyway," and having finished watering the flowers, Miss Cynthia carried the waterpot into the kitchen.

The plant was a rare old specimen. Grandfather Hobbs had given it to his granddaughter, and charged her to take good care of it, for lucky was the Hobbs who saw the century plant bloom.

Although Miss Cynthia regarded this old family tradition with scorn, yet the plant received the tenderest care, and who can tell of the secret hopes she cherished?

Miss Cynthia was a tall, slender lady of uncertain age, who, in spite of the entreaties of her relatives, continued to live at the old homestead with no other company than Nancy Jane Peters. It was rumored that years ago young Tom Jones had asked for her hand, after courting her for several years, and she, out of caprice more than anything else, had half refused, saying that she must have more time to consider the proposal. Tom, taking her at her word, suddenly went away, and Miss Cynthia became a confirmed spinster.

"I'm goin' over to Miss Wilkins', Nancy Jane," called Miss Cynthia, several days later, as she stood upon



LITERAL OBEDIENCE

Quoth the Gardener to the Stable Boy, "While I am away Be sure you use the hose upon the front lawn every day."

the door step. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

It was several hours later that Miss Cynthia stood upon the Wilkins' door-step, taking a parting chat: the most interesting part of a woman's visit when she thinks of a hundred and one interesting bits of gossip that she really must tell before she parts from her neighbor.

"I most forgot to tell you, my century plant's budded; you must be sure and come over; it'll be in full bloom by to-morrow," she said.

"La sakes, Miss Cynthia! I expect you're a-lookin' for your fortune to turn up most any minute. You know Grandfather Hobbs got a legacy from his great-uncle up in Canada, the very next week after the century plant bloomed."

"I ain't a-countin' on any fortune, an' I don't believe there's anything in it," interrupted Miss Cynthia rather dryly as she drew her shawl about her and started homeward wondering as she went why every one so persistently held the old fancy up before her and why she could not banish it from her mind.

Upon reaching home her eyes fell on the plant the first thing as she entered the sitting-room, and, throwing her shawl across a chair, she bent over to examine the buds. Already she could detect the fragrant odor.

Suddenly the kitchen door opened, and Nancy Jane's freckled face was thrust in.

"They was a man here to see ye, while ye was gone," she said, her face full of the importance of a mystery.

"A man!" exclaimed Miss Cynthia, straightening up. "Who on earth was he, and what did he want of me?"

"I dunno'. All I know is he was a man an' he wanted to see ye, an' I told him ye wasn't to home."

"Well, and what did he say then?" asked Miss Cynthia, rather impatiently.

"Oh, he just asked when ye would be home, an' I told him I didn't know: Ye might be home at any minute, an' then agin ye might not."

"Nancy Jane Peters! You stupid girl! Here I was just over to Miss Wilkins', near enough that you might have hollered or hung a white rag on the wild plum tree. Is that all he said?"

"I believe he did say some 'pin' else, when I come to think about it," said the wary Nancy Jane, who had a most provoking way of arousing Miss Cynthia's curiosity, and then keeping her in a state of suspense.

"Let's see—I believe he said as how mebbly he'd be back about six."

"About six! Land sakes, its most six now and me in this old dress. You go ahead with the supper, Nancy Jane, an' I'll go an' put on another dress before he gits here."

"Yes, ye'd better slick up some, Miss Cynthia, he's sort o' genteel lookin'—mebbly he's got sompin' to do with your fortune," and Nancy Jane's freckled countenance vanished just in

time to escape Miss Cynthia's remarks about "people that was always meddlin' with other folks' business when they didn't know enough to tend to their own."

Something—Cynthia Hobbs did not know what—made her arrange her hair in a soft loose style, as she had worn it years before, and don her best poplin with the white lace frills at the throat and wrists.

"Cynthia Hobbs, you're makin' a plum fool of yourself—jest like as not it's some plaguy book-agent or peddler, after all," said she, as she looked at her reflection in the little oval mirror over her dresser. Nevertheless, Miss Cynthia was not displeased with the reflection in the mirror.

Before the sitting-room fire sat a tall man, who arose to meet her as she entered.

"Well, Cynthia, you ain't changed much," said he, as he held out his hands.

"It's Tom Jones!" screamed Miss Cynthia.

"Yes, it's me, Cynthia, an' I've come back fer my answer, seein' as how you've had a good, long time to think it over."

An hour and a half later, Nancy Jane gathered courage to open the door

and announce in a timid voice that supper was waiting. She half expected to find that the strange man



had murdered Miss Cynthia or carried her away bodily. But it was a radiant face that Miss Cynthia turned toward her.

"I've found my fortune, Nancy Jane," she said. "And look! the century plant's in bloom!" And sure enough, it was.

Effie M. Graham

TO MOTHER

I HAVE seen the sunrise breaking on the shores of distant seas—

I have seen the mists of evening creeping slow across the leas
To the borderland of twilight when the birds were winging home,
And the air was filled with sweetness from the newly-furrowed loam;
But the wondrous tints of evening and the glory of the skies
Cannot move my soul to gladness like a smile from Mother's eyes.

I have heard the chimes of church bells faintly echoing on the breeze—
I have heard the south wind sighing soft and low among the trees
When the moon had bathed the hilltops in a weird and magic glow,
And her wake was traced in silver on the river far below;
But the sweetest strains of music cannot make my heart rejoice
Like the love note low and tender that I hear in Mother's voice.

Maitland LeRoy Osborne



"Glimpses of Three Nations"

One would hesitate to say that the death of G. W. Steevens, the brilliant writer and war correspondent, was the saddest event characterizing the siege of Ladysmith, for fear of giving offence to many a grieving heart; yet the fact remains that of all who perished there he will be most missed because most widely known. The volume of sketches describing in his inimitable and picturesque fashion, London, Paris and Berlin, was but the outline of a book he intended to be more comprehensive in the future, but we cannot be too grateful that his widow allowed them to be printed. There is an elusive charm about Mr. Steeven's writing that many another author has tried vainly to copy. Like our own Richard Harding Davis, he makes one really see the places he describes, and his comments thereon were frank and free. Would that he were living to give us another volume as entertaining as this one! By G. W. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.)

"In Old Roseau"

Reminiscences of life upon the Island of Dominica and among the Carib Indians, when recorded by an

intelligent and sympathetic traveler, are sure to be interesting reading for both wanderers and stay-at-homes. The same touch of interested, rather than superficial or curious observation characterizes Dr. Birge's pen which animated that of Robert Louis Stevenson in writing of far-away islands, and make us hopeful of more volumes from him in the future. His description of leprosy is unusually free from loathesomeness, yet he paints its horrors with the colors of truth, and his more attractive passages lose none of the force displayed in dealing with more grewsome subjects. By William S. Birge. (Isaac H. Blanchard Co., N. Y.)

"Ray's Daughter"

We have not had many stories of service in the Philippines yet, but that they are a splendid field for fiction is evidenced by this dashing account of army life and love there. Romantic and full of action, we follow the experiences of Ray's daughter and her lover with bated breath, and are regretfully sorry when the last page is turned on their dramatic adventures. By General Charles King. (The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

"Historical Memoirs of Emperor Alexander I."

Americans are always fascinated by Russia and Russian history as they are by that of no other foreign nation. It may be that they are attracted by a form of government and people the antipodes of their own, or that Russia has been our one consistent and warm friend ever since the Revolutionary struggle. Be that as it may, however, we are all anxious to see and learn about the Tsar's kingdom. This book, describing the Russian Court and Alexander I., was written by a famous Russian who had exceptional opportunities for observing life there behind and before the throne. It is profusely and beautifully illustrated with portraits of Russian soldiers, princes and diplomats, has much to tell us that is new about Napoleon and contemporaneous history, and while dealing with facts is vastly more entertaining than the bulk of fiction. By Madame La Comtesse de Choiseul Gouffier. Translated by Mary Berenice Patterson. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

"The Slavery of Our Times"

Anything Count Tolstoy has to say is sure to be vigorous and vital, and when he preaches to us about existing wrongs and their remedies we know that we are listening to the outpourings of an earnest and unselfish soul. Non-resistance is his favorite principle, taken direct from the New Testament, and in the various essays included in this volume he shows us their relation to economic and political life. Many persons would disagree with his theories applied to daily life, yet one and all profess to believe in the ideals for which he urges us to strive. Much is to be learned from this unusual Russian who actually tries to live as did his Master, and whether we believe

in the literal application he makes of Christ's teachings or not, we shall find vast material for thought in his pages. By Leo Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

"In the Palace of the King"

The author of the "Roman Singer," does not do quite such good work as in the days when he did not turn out a novel a month—or a week?—for his ever growing circle of admirers, yet nothing seems to cause an ebb in the popularity of his novels. Colonial novelists and those who write of primitive farm life may come and go with their brief day of popularity; but Mr. Crawford's tales have a large and steady sale far more reliable than their meteoric spurts in the literary mart. This novel is written of the days of Philip the Second in old Madrid, and is a love story full of ardor, complications, sorrows, quarrels and the final benediction, which we all love, of assured future happiness. It has already been dramatized and between the book and the play Mr. Crawford should add a good sum to his exchequer and congratulate himself upon having given so many persons pleasure. By Marion Crawford. (The MacMillan Co., N. Y.)

"The Real Chinese Question"

Stacks and stacks of literature have been published about the condition of affairs in the far East, but none yet compare with this unprejudiced account of China and the Chinese. Persons who eschew highly colored and untrue reports of what that nation is and has been and read the facts herein stated with unmistakable truth will be better posted than if they scanned the news columns of innumerable daily and weekly journals. By Chester Holcombe. (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.)

"The American Slave Trade"

When we are prone to exalt ourselves unduly as being the only and the best nation in the world, it would be well for us to scan some such page of our history as that described by Mr. Spears, lest our enthusiasm run away with our truthfulness. Happily the foul and inhumane traffic which he recounts so vividly as to make one shudder is killed, never to rise again, but its practice was nevertheless a thriving institution down to the days of President Lincoln's administration; and in addition to our debt to him for making us a free people we owe him thanks, also, for the inevitable suppression of an outrageous barter of human beings on the sea. In its way, Mr. Spears' history is fully as absorbing reading as was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." By John W. Spears. (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

"Some Business Problems of American Forestry"

Those interested in the data relating to the trees which make so much of the beauty of our national scenery cannot afford to miss reading this valuable and timely pamphlet by Professor Schenck, who is an acknowledged authority upon his chosen subject. Copies may be had by addressing The French Broad Press at Asheville, N. C., and that they contain many helpful and well carried out problems is discernible at a glance. By C. A. Schenck. (The French Broad Press, Asheville, N. C.)

"The Religion of a Gentleman"

No one can fail to find pleasure and something infinitely better in this modest little volume, which preaches its sermon so gently that we do not realize that it is the purpose of the writer to direct our actions. It is

rather as if some dear friend described to us in glowing yet simple language the beauty of life when guided by man's better instincts. More good may be culled from its unpretentious pages than from many a strong sermon or book of conventional platitudes. By Charles F. Dole. (Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., N. Y.)

"An English Woman's Love Letters"

"Come, let us love one another on paper," sighed an old French beau to his ladylove, and the habit has characterized most victims of the tender passion in modern times. There has been an unusual amount of discussions about these ardent missives of an English maiden to the swain who loved her and then left her to die without a single word of explanation. Many persons declare that the epistles are spurious, and that they were written for clever gain. It seems better taste to accept the publishers' announcement, that to name their author would be a breach of good faith, although the mystery surrounding their publication has much the appearance of a trick. As a sample of how not to overdo love-making they are excellent, but here and there they contain passages of genuine sweetness amid much that is vulgarly termed "slush." (Doubleday, Page & Co., N. Y.)

"The Prodigal"

Mary Hallock Foote's stories have a charm and individuality of their own quite different from that of most tales, and this one, with one of Jeremy Taylor's solemn sayings as an illuminating text, is second to none of the author's other work. By Mary Hallock Foote. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)



By Havre Sacque

Abbey's There may not be much in a 15-Foot name, but Westminster Abbey's magnificent coronation scene, when Edward VII. is made literally king and emperor, is to be painted by Abbey himself—yclept Edwin A., the artist of whom Philadelphia, yea, all America, is justly proud. Mr. Abbey is no relation whatever to Westminster Abbey, but his name in the realm of Art is great enough to gain for him this coveted prominence—this gracefully artistic tribute from the old world to the new.

§ § §

The Do you know a "Swastika"
Nuttall when you see one? The
Swastika patient labor of years is in the 600-page book written by Mrs. Zelia Nuttall and published by Peabody Museum, Harvard, and she deserves to have her name coupled with this venerable astronomical sign—the cross of ancient Mexico—so thoroughly has she studied it and so eloquently does she introduce it to modern ken. It was the old time sign for the quarters in the zodiac—the symbol of rotary motion in the heavenly bodies, and a sign connected with primeval ideas governing the human race since its in-

fancy. A cross with equal length arms bent at right angles in the middle, forms a "swastika." Diagrams showing midnight positions of stars in Ursa Major, four times a year, make gigantic "swastikas". It is found in the carvings of Japan, Egypt, Norway, Mexico, Greece, Algiers, India, China and Peru. A more interesting study than Mrs. Nuttall's along the line of swastikas it would be hard indeed to find. She is a San Franciscan, educated in Paris, Berlin, Rome and London, an inveterate traveler, a profound scientist, an untiring researcher, a distinguished archaeological collector, and author of numerous papers and memoirs.

§ § §

"Like A Rich Havre Sacque finds many
Armour" who agree with him
(Shakespeare on the "Gentle-Winged
Adapted) Riches" lately mentioned, and recent events afford new illustrations of the fact that wealth is often in the hands of generous and broad-minded human beings. Gould, Carnegie, Pearsons, all these have special and particular places in the real hall of fame. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, 86 years old, beloved by all

England for her good deeds, is happily, a still living example. Recently died Philip Danforth Armour, many-times millionaire, successful man of business and philanthropist, whose good works do follow him. Armour Institute, Chicago, is a lasting memorial to his largeness of heart. He gave this institution in his lifetime between \$3,500,000 and \$4,000,000. His sagacity put at the head of it the brain and energy of Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus—a name too great to be enhanced by any title. Now comes J. Ogden Armour and his mother with a gift of a million or so more, put within the actual reach of the deserving. Such acts as these leave dumb the carper who cries out that the "rich have no heart." Heaven bless these big-souled people who show even a will to give: and Heaven grant that they may continue to gain riches and continue to bless their fellow men and women.

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Loomis' Wireless The world was startled when Marconi in 1897 sent messages without wires ten miles. A great English electrician said at the time that wireless telegraphy could not be practically utilized in greater than half-mile distances. Zickler of Moravia experimented and so did Edison, with indifferent success before that. Hertz succeeded in utilizing short wireless spaces about 1887, following lines laid down by Elisha Gray in 1877 and Dolbear in 1881. But Dr. Mahlon Loomis of Washington, D. C., actually patented his "aerial telegraph" in July, 1872, and received the signature of President Grant to his act of incorporation for the "Loomis Aerial Telegraph Company," January 21, 1873! Between two blue Ridge mountain peaks in Virginia, EIGHTEEN MILES APART, IN 1868, messages were repeatedly

sent and received without wires or means of signalling! Financial plans to continue experiments between Mounts Shasta and Hood in the Rockies were thrice balked by "Black Friday" in Wall Street, the Chicago fire and Dr. Loomis' death in 1884. By a literary coincidence, Havre Sacque's testimony in the case, supplemented by the photograph of Dr. Loomis, which appears elsewhere, was waiting its turn for publication in "The National Magazine" when the magazine article, very ably written by Judge George Loomis of Parkersburg, West Virginia, appeared. As the modern printing press represents the blood and brain of hundreds of strugglers who died without "seeing the light" or hearing any applause for their work, so Marconi and others rise step by step in full sight of the breathless multitude, upon the stones laid by the patient, hopeful, and much of it thankless toil of such unappreciated and ahead-of-their-times scientists as Dr. Mahlon Loomis, earliest practical demonstrator of telegraphy without wires.

❧ ❧ ❧

"In the Maine Woods" The second 50,000 edition of that fascinating book "In the Maine Woods, A Guide Book for Sportsmen," has just been put out by the Bangor & Aroostook Railway. Its author, by the way, is a native "down easter," Winfield M. Thompson—editor, war-correspondent and mighty nimrod, who has traveled extensively. It is a book to be proud of, not only from the author's standpoint, but from that of the railway people. Its 122 pages are filled with charming descriptive matter, with just the proper (not too much!) admixture of Kipling, Thoreau, et al., and scores of handsome half-tone plates make the book worth preservation. A good map and an index are also included.

THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send two-cent stamp for certificate of membership.
All answers to questions must be received before the thirtieth of the month

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer

PRIZE WINNERS FOR MARCH

First prize: Mrs. W. S. Curtis, Colchester, Conn.

Second prize: Estella W. Bradley, West Mystic, Conn.

• Third prize: Edwin L. Heinsling, Mercersburg, Pa.

Fourth prize: Georgiana Wheeler, 9 College street, Montpelier, Vt.

ANSWERS FOR MARCH

Literature

1. The lines:

*"Her who clasped in her last trance
Her murdered father's head,"*

from Tennyson's "A Dream of Fair Women," refers to Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More.

2. In Goldsmith's "Traveller" the poet supposes himself seated among Alpine solitudes, looking down upon a hundred kingdoms. He would fain find some spot where perfect happiness can be obtained, but the natives of each realm think their own the best, and the amount of happiness in each he finds is pretty well equal. To illustrate this the poet describes the manners and government of Italy, Switzerland, France, Holland and England.

3. The crime of the "Ancient Mariner" was the shooting of an albatross—a bird of good omen to seamen. For this crime terrible sufferings are visited upon him, which are finally remitted through his repentance—but he is doomed to wander on the earth and repeat his story, as a warning lesson.

4. "Nature abhors a vacuum" was an axiom of the peripatetic philosophy, and was repeated by Galileo as an explanation of the rise of water in wells.

5. The Knight of La Mancha was Don Quixote de la Mancha, the hero of Cervantes' novel called "Don Quixote."

Art

1. Albrecht Durer was painting so large a subject that he required steps to reach it. The Emperor Maximilian,

who was present, requested a nobleman of his suite to steady the steps for the painter—an employment which the nobleman declined as unworthy of his rank. The Emperor then himself stepped forward and supplied the necessary aid, with the remark: "I can make Albrecht Durer a noble like and above you, but neither I or any one else can make an artist like him."

2. Correggio excelled in chiaro-oscuro—or the play of his light and shade—in which particular he reigns supreme. It is a mysterious quality to obtain, and could hardly be reached by following any set rules, so we have a right to consider Correggio's unrivalled skill in this matter an intimate part of his individual and inimitable genius. It is this quality of his, more than any other, which characterizes his pictures.

3. One of Paul Veronese's best pictures is the "Marriage of Cana," painted originally for the refectory of the convent of San Giorgio, Venice, and now in the Louvre.

4. The rich, unfading color in Rubens' pictures, in which the reds largely prevail, caused Guido to ask, "Does this painter (Rubens) mix blood with his colors?"

5. One of the finest specimens of Rubens' portraits is "The Lady in the Straw Hat," (as the artist himself named this picture in his catalogue.) tradition says the original was M^dle. Lundens, a noted Flemish beauty. This beautiful portrait is now in the National Gallery, London.

General

1. The "Sancy Diamond" weighs fifty-three and one-half carats and belonged to Charles the Bold of Burgundy. It was bought in 1495 by Emmanuel of Portugal, and was sold in 1580, by Don Antonio to the Sieur de Sancy, in whose family it remained for a century, and from which it takes

its name. Since then it has had a varied and interesting history, having been in the possession of James II. of England, Louis XIV. of France, then we hear of it in Bombay and Calcutta. A writer on precious stones says it now belongs to the Czar of Russia. Its value is variously estimated from 25,000 to 80,000 pounds.

2. The title of Caesar—originally the name of a branch of the Julian family at Rome—was assumed as a mark of dignity by the emperors after Nero. It became, subsequently, the title of the presumptive heir to the empire and the next title of dignity after Augustus.

3. To "shell out" as regards money—Out with your shells or money—in allusion to the shells used as money in Southern Asia and on the coast of Guinea in Africa—also in some of the islands of the seas a certain shell is used for coins.

4. Joseph Hopkinson wrote "Hail Columbia" in 1798, on the eve of a threatened war with France. It was sung nightly by crowds in the streets, and for a whole season by a favorite singer at the theatre. And our sailors, with shouts of "Hail Columbia!" fought and captured several French vessels.

5. "Napier's Bones"—a method invented for shortening the labor of trigonometrical calculations by Baron Napier, the illustrious inventor of logarithms—certain figures are arranged on little slips of paper or ivory, and simply by changing these slips the result required is obtained. They are called *bones* because the Baron used bone or ivory instead of card-board.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR MAY

Literature

1. Who wrote our finest battle hymn? Where is her home? What language does she love so well that she reads a little in it each day?

2. Who made this inspiring statement, "God grants liberty only to those who love it, and who are always ready to guard and defend it"?

3. If a distinguished man of letters wishes to secure a seat in the French

Academy, what must he first do in order to make himself known as a candidate?

4. What ridiculous episode in Jean Jacques Rousseau's life is connected with Lousanne, on Lake Geneva, Switzerland?

Art.

1. What great artist was a native of Strasbourg, and what special books did he illustrate?

2. What interesting story about Hans Holbein and the great scholar Erasmus is connected with a book written by Erasmus called the "Praise of Folly"?

3. When Henry III. was at Venice and entertained by Titian, what did the great artist do when his guest asked the price of some of his pictures?

4. Who are some of the figures represented in Raphael's famous fresco of the "School of Athens" in the Vatican?

Science

1. Who was Louis Agassiz?

2. Where was the first electric street railway in Europe constructed?

3. What will supply all the electric power at the Pan-American Exposition?

4. Who was De Sauty, mentioned by Dr. Holmes in his humorous poem: "Till the land was filled with loud reverberations of 'All Right! De Sauty.'"

General

1. How came Yale College to be so named?

2. What king of England was king of Hanover, and how came it to be separated from England?

3. What interesting banner is in the Maryland Historical Society? Longfellow speaks of it in one of his poems.

4. Where was the state of Frankland, and what became of it? When was Andrew Jackson admitted to practice?

PRIZES FOR MAY

First prize: "Richard Yea and Nay."

Second prize: "To Have and To Hold."

Third prize: "Uncle Terry."

Fourth prize: "So Runs the World."



NOW let us talk practical philanthropy, personal philanthropy, if you please. Every subscriber to "The National Magazine" can do his share toward a good work. How? By determining to be the representative from his state at the Pan-American Exposition. Faith without works is dead. Work for a good cause, and you have put the stamp of your goodwill, of your earnest striving, on the whole. The representatives of the magazine at the Exposition will be doing a great and wholesome work not only for themselves, but for others. The grand and liberal ideas imbibed there will strengthen your own lives and shine by their reflection in ever widening waves of light upon those with whom you come in contact for years to come. This is practical philanthropy. This is personal philanthropy.

How to do it? Simply "vote early and often." Send in that estimate on the July Fourth attendance at the Exposition. You will find the blank on the inside front cover. Send in as many estimates as you can get hold of blanks. It costs nothing to guess again, and there is no stigma attached to the "repeater." There is no reason why you should not attend the Exposition, experience its pleasures, reap the good that it must do to all, in

the broader and healthier life that it teaches and carry the message to other men and women. Here is the opportunity to do lasting good at our expense. We pay for it. That is our share of the philanthropy; you receive the benefits and disseminate them; that is your share.

Read carefully our offer in the advertising pages of the magazine and act upon it.

More than fifty representatives, each from a sovereign state, each an earnest reader of a refined and enlightened periodical, gathered under the aegis of "The National Magazine" in search of the deeper wisdom and broader philanthropy that the Exposition stands for!

Shall not such a convention be a power not only for enlightenment, but for the purest good work? It seems so to us. Try it.

SUGGESTIONS, and welcome suggestions they are too, are coming in upon us in regard to the convention of "The National Magazine" readers to be held at Buffalo in August of the present year. It is desired to make it a notable and truly representative gathering, with delegates from every state and territory in the Union. The program for the week's outing and the convention will

be announced as early as possible. The intention is to have at least a few hours each day devoted to the discussion of American literature, art, science and music, by noted men prominent in each branch. With all the advantages of the exposition to supplement this, the convention will truly be one of pleasure and profit. It is the first plan of this kind ever inaugurated by an American periodical, and we desire to make it of specific value. The inspirations of these great expositions—and the artistic splendor of the Pan-American Exposition has never been excelled—have wonderfully developed the arts and sciences of this giant nation of the West.

What more fitting time and place can there be for readers, contributors and editors of every state to gather in and discuss the great questions that concern the higher and better impulses of our people?

All this, of course, leads back to the suggestion of business. But business is business, and the success of this convention depends upon the individual readers of "The National Magazine." Every one of you has it in your power to do a great amount of good in this world, and with that impulse implanted and acted upon, even Thomas Hardy's homeopathic pessimism would be out of place. With a well grounded purpose to do good, you can do it. Opportunities are made—they seldom happen. If you have the clear consciousness of having helped some one person in a concrete way, you are just as much a philanthropist as if you had poured out millions and never seen the fruits of your benevolence or received that smile of sincere appreciation which is always a blessing and inspiration.

Here I go sermonizing again in-

stead of talking business. I have talked during the past few weeks with business men who, under the veneer of trade, are bubbling over with generous impulses and a love of philosophic thought. "Do you know," said one, "I have had to repress these thoughts and ideas for years past, fearing that business associates would not think me a steel-armored business man, but a dreamer."

That busy man entertained me for hours, and gave himself right up to the discussion of those higher aims in life that keep first in view the stimulation of the hearts and brains of men. The visit, which began as a business skirmish, concluded as an intellectual love feast, and it was one of the most profitable afternoons I ever enjoyed, although not a dollar's worth of business was transacted.

This keen-eyed, broad-browed, successful business man, who has risen from the ranks, loved his books and his fellowmen with a depth that few of his intimate friends suspected. The ups and downs of a business career had given him an experience and an insight into those subtler mysteries of life which were never even suggested to those who met him in the rushing routine of this daily business life.

The number of good people there are in the world would be surprising if we could have an accurate census of impulse, as well as of individuals. This is not saying that they are totally good, but I verily believe that the evil in men is so much more conspicuous than the good, that the generous nobility, the truly heroic, which should exist in every human being, is not so much lacking as obscured by the mists of conventional reserve and the exactions of commercial conflict.

Now, if some Rockefeller, Morgan or Carnegie would consolidate the

goodness of men, as well as their good money, bonds and stocks, we would have a trust that Heaven would smile upon. Just simply the everyday goodness that bubbles from the heart and goes right on with its work of generous unselfish kindness, without fear of trespassing on the technicalities of morals and law, which are after all but superficial reflections of true goodness. Give us the goodness that comes right up from the heart; and I am happy to say that the older I grow the more good men I find in this world. The reign of law alone is not a safe anchor, but the spirit of love and goodness abides in many human hearts if we can only catch the gleam of every truly noble impulse. The Golden Rule is always in evidence; alas, not perfectly, but that great law of Divine teaching has leavened the life of humanity through the centuries, and the world grows ever better.

ABOUT every so often the question is mooted as to who is the foremost American man of letters, and why. There is of course a great variance of opinion, and that would be interesting I am sure. We will offer \$10, for the most convincing reply, and five subscriptions to "The National Magazine" ranging from five years down to one year—all paid up subscriptions—as the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth prizes. This will be open to every reader of "The National Magazine", and the replies must not exceed 200 words each. Ten or twelve of the answers will be published, to indicate the trend of popular favor. The contest between Mark Twain and Howells is likely to be spirited, while it will not be forgotten that Ik Marvel and Joquain Miller and several scores of authors have an intensely enthusiastic and loyal following. Remember, we want to know

convincingly just why your favorite is the foremost living American author. That is the meat in the cocoanut we are after. Yes, you are right, "The National Magazine" keeps its readers busy. There is something to do when you are a regular reader of a live, wide-awake periodical published on the American plan. Any subscriber who fails to write an editor less than twice a year is certainly remiss in his responsibility for the public welfare.

HAVE you ever thought what a reflective person a policeman must be? That is, one in a quiet, remote district, or a watchman in a village who wanders up and down on his beat in company with his thoughts? Well, I made bold to ask one recently what he reflected upon. At first he eyed me suspiciously, and I believe he thought "here's another wild-eyed Boston crank." But the first mists of misgiving cleared away, and his reply was interesting. "Well, I'm thinking most on how to spend my salary and educate my boys and girls. Then sometimes I wonder when I'm out nights what the good little woman will have at breakfast. No, ringing at the call box is a matter of habit. Yes, I sometimes have a quiet little chat like this; then I'm watching the cabs turning out their 'loaded' cargoes at the fine houses, in the small hours of the morning. I tell you, money, too much spending money, is a curse to the average young man. We could tell stories if we chose but we 'keep the peace,' you know!" he concluded with a sarcastic twinkle, as his eye reflected a ray from the flickering street lamp. "The hours of the night all have a different atmosphere, and I could tell the hour by the very atmosphere, if there were no town clocks. Well, I must keep moving and I'll try and add up one whole night's thinking for you."

WE receive scores of letters asking why names are not run under the portraits published on the cover of "The National Magazine." There is good reason for this. The fair originals whose pictures there appear desire to remain unknown, and their wishes must be respected. They do not pose as public beauties, and it is that rare bud of girlish simplicity, blended with reserve force and piquancy, that has given the American girl pre-eminence. "The National Magazine," inculcating American ideas, finds no part of its work more pleasurable than the task of publishing, as types of the highest beauty, the portraits of our peerless girls. Pardon this enthusiasm. Do the men of America realize how much they owe to the women of America; the stately grandmothers, the gentle mothers, the kindly aunts, the sweet sisters, cousins and—well, the loving sweethearts and wives! What a tower of strength their influence has been to our nation! The European nobility seek and honor them—and sometimes their money—but the American girl is one of the great powers of the age. This tribute includes the American girl comprehensively, from pinafores to lace caps, for the American ideal of womanhood and the noble inspirations born thereof, have made us free and kept us from many evil things; they are the secret of our strength as a world power, and the greatest factor in the splendid development of American civilization.

NOW a final word in reference to the Pan-American estimate. We want every reader to send in an estimate, and you surely have one friend who would be interested. Just speak to them about subscribing, and let us make this undertaking a success in every way. It's up to you!

THE following statistics of the attendance on special days at the World's Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago, in 1893, may aid subscribers to "The National Magazine" in estimating the probable attendance at the Buffalo Exposition during the coming year:

May 1, the day of opening, 128,933; May 30, Decoration Day, 115,578; June 8, reception of the Infanta Eulalia, 135,281; June 15, Germania Day, 165,069; June 17, Massachusetts Day, 148,994; July 4, United States Day, 285,273; July 20, Sweden Day, 129,873; October 9, Chicago Day, 716,881.

The estimator should study the centre of population, in this case Buffalo, as well as the character of the population, and the probability of a large attendance from a comparatively short distance. Thus a much larger attendance from New England, New York and Canada may be expected on July Fourth than at Chicago. School vacations will release a large number of people who live closer to Buffalo than to Chicago, and who are more likely to visit Buffalo than they were to make the longer trip to the greater city. There is a great chance for the scientific estimator who does not depend wholly on chance in competing for these prizes. Indeed, guessing, in its Yankee sense, has never been a matter of chance. A Yankee "guess" is the nearest possible estimate of an unknown quantity, founded on a careful study of all the known factors, past experiences and psychological conditions which must indicate and influence the result.

Don't trust to chance in your guess if you mean to win. Consider all the conditions, and especially the available population within twelve hours ride, its character and wealth, and don't fail to mail at once.

I SAW Secretary Hay conversing with the representatives of three great nations, speaking fluently in three different languages within the space of fifteen minutes. Few secretaries of state have been in closer touch with the diplomatic corps at Washington, or had a greater personal influence than Secretary Hay. His chief difficulty has been to bring a majority of our United States senators into focus upon questions of foreign policy, when a treaty is proposed. The fate of the Hay-Pauncefote agreement has necessitated caution in matters of international diplomacy of late. There must and will be a senatorial understanding, political and personal, before any important negotiations are sent up to the Capitol next December by Secretary Hay, and raps on the door giving admittance to the working majority will be more conducive to diplomatic dignity than raps on diplomatic knuckles by which treaties are turned down.

SPEAKING of "raps," especially Washington "rappings," Secretary Root has a code of signal raps which opens the door to his room after regular office hours. Only those initiated in his "rap code" can then secure admittance. The other day Senator Foraker rushed up to the door and knocked vigorously. It so happened that he had unknowingly given correctly the secret raps, and the door flew open. In a few days he tried it again, but he had forgotten the combination, and his raps were only answered by ghostly echoes from the corridors. Again and again he tried novel combinations of raps from "Buhalo" to mystic shriners, but the "Open Sesame" escaped him, and no beaming messenger opened the door. What he said as he left will not ap-

pear in the "Congressional Record. He is going to join Secretary Root's Ancient Order of Mystical Knockers, and have the proper countersign in the future.

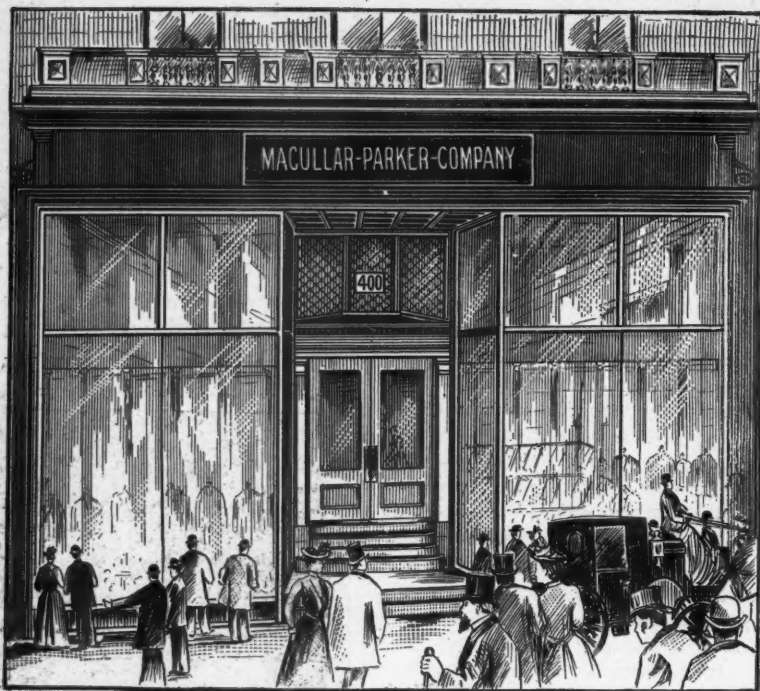
WHAT a transformation in the general condition of the country in four short years! Truly, the advance agent of Prosperity has arrived, and the country has now assumed its place as a world power in diplomacy, commerce, finance and manufacturing. And yet, above it all, there is one ab-

DR. MANLON LOOMIS

(See page 188)



sorbing purpose in American life—that is faith and earnest concern for the American home and fireside. Whatever brings a radiance of cheer and comfort, and sheds a glow of peace and content on the hearthstone is the supreme object for achievement in all governmental functions. And to share in this upbuilding of American homes and American individuals as well as institutions is the ambition of "The National Magazine."



THE NEW FRONT OF THE BUILDING OF MACULLAR, PARKER CO.

CONCERNING THE MATTER OF GOOD CLOTHES

IN the historic Boston fire of 1872, there was a single arch and entire front which stood erect and defiant in the sea of charred ruins. This was what remained of a building erected for Macular Parker Company in 1864. When Washington street was widened the same arch was moved back, and the same stones were used in the arch which had stood for nearly thirty years, the sole survivor of the Boston fire. This remarkable front at "400 Washington Street, Boston," has always been an interesting and familiar land mark to the residents and visitors of the "Hub."

The surging demands of modern business methods have always been

met by this enterprising firm, and in 1901 this historic arch was removed to erect a modern front of iron and glass, and show windows in which displays of their unequaled line of clothing could be made under the very eyes of the passing throngs on the winding thoroughfare. The influence of the show window in business today is potential and there is no window in Boston which reflects closer and more dignified confidential relations between maker and customer than that of Macular Parker Company. For over fifty years this firm has done business in Boston and the events and record of this half century presents an interesting phase of the evolution and pre-

CONCERNING GOOD CLOTHES

eminence of American trade until it has been called by the London Times a "science that conquers in commerce."

The heavy oaken doors have swung smoothly inward to the ever increasing tide of trade, have opened to admit many of the best known and best loved men of the nation. Longfellow, Emerson, Beecher, Whittier and Holmes, in their day, passed those portals not once but many times; and royalty itself, in the person of Edward Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., has been clothed here.

Lawyers, statesmen, men of millions and "the common people" whom Lincoln loved have entered there, knowing that therein abode honesty and fair-dealing and a proper knowledge of their needs. For that is one of the strongest holds of this well-known firm upon its patrons. Be your means much or little, nowhere else will your wants be better met or more courteous treatment accorded.

Honesty, earnestness and good clothes carry a man far toward business success, therefore due attention must be given to the selection of material and grade of workmanship exemplified in the daily garb of the business man, from clerk to proprietor. It is a duty that every man owes to himself and to society to appear well and appropriately dressed.

Time was when sartorial taste was looked upon as frivolity in a business man. In the days when storekeepers took down their own shutters, and, like Benjamin Franklin, delivered goods at their customers' homes via the wheelbarrow route, the texture and cut of a coat or the style of a pair of trousers mattered little so long as the garments were clean and not over patched. But those days have long since passed, and with the opening of the glorious twentieth century we are every day more strongly reminded of

the truth of the adage, "'Tis the clothes that make the man."

The clerk and the bookkeeper also must follow the lead, not forgetting that proper attention to their personal appearance is as much a part of their duty as the ability to make sales and correctly foot up a column of figures.

It is a mistake, too, to believe that only by patronizing a high-priced tailor can a man be clothed in strictly up-to-date fashion. Such firms as Macullar Parker Company have proved to the contrary. This concern, justly considered as one of the staunchest of Boston's business houses, as well as one of the oldest, has given years of careful thought to the production of ready-to-wear clothing of the highest grade, made from fine textures by skilled workmen in light airy, and clean workrooms, that has every appearance of custom work. And with improved methods in making and increased volume of trade, it has become possible for this firm to produce clothing strictly first-class in every essential at prices as low as have lately been charged for shoddy goods.

A visit to the Macullar Parker Company's establishment is one of the distinct privileges of the visitor to Boston. What a contrast to the sweatshop methods can be found in this teeming, well-ordered hive of modern industry. The little army of contented workers in the workrooms is composed and happy, with a cheerful side glance for the stranger, as he threads his way about under the courteous guidance of his mentor. The rows of sewing machines are connected with a hidden dynamo by a tiny wire, and the operator simply guides the work with skillful hands.

It is a workshop where everybody is busy, but there is not the remotest hint of the dirt and despair of the sweatshops. Clothes are not manu-

CONCERNING GOOD CLOTHES

factured in disorderly haste in this establishment. A single instance is suggestive. In the ordinary clothing factories from eight to ten thickness of cloth are cut at once. Here the layers of cloth never exceed four, as that is all that can be handled faultlessly. As another instance of special care in detail, the white vests and

shirts are made in a carpeted room.

The force of Macullar, Parker Company represents an industrial army of between four and five hundred persons, the largest force employed on the premises by any house that makes or sells ready-to-wear clothing only, strictly at retail, anywhere in the world.

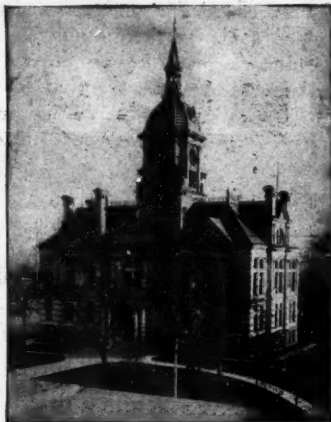
THE HISTORIC FRONT OF THE BUILDING OF MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY, WHICH REMAINED STANDING DURING THE BOSTON FIRE OF 1872



A TRADE CENTER IN IOWA

THERE are few corners of the civilized world which have not been reached by Iowa's fame for agricultural wealth and prosperity. From continent to continent the richness of its farms and the abundance

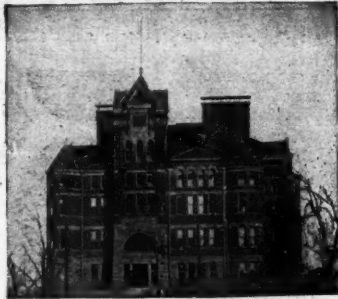
COURT HOUSE, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA



of its products are well known. From ocean to ocean Iowa is famous among business men as the richest field for the traveling salesman of any state in the Union. There are no mountain districts, no back-woods districts, no great cities, but every county is a rich farming county tilled by enterprising farmers.

Of late years the richness of the Iowa field for the sales of merchandise has attracted the manufacturer and the wholesaler to the larger towns of Iowa that offered the desired advantages as distributing points. Of these inland towns none have received so much favor as Marshalltown, situated in the very heart of the state, equi-distant from each border line and

HIGH SCHOOL, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA



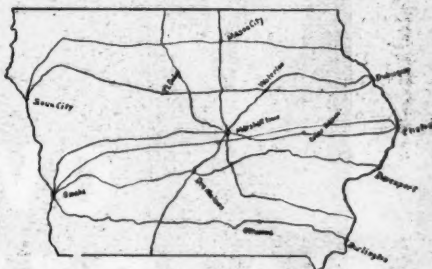
at the junction of three main lines of railway. A glance at the map of the state reveals the railways of Iowa

radiating from Marshalltown as a center, as the arteries of the human system radiate from the heart of man.

The Chicago and Northwestern is the greatest railway system that traverses any western state. Double tracked from the Chicago to the Missouri river, with its thousands of miles of branches and its eastern and western connections it enables the Marshalltown factories to ship from coast to coast and meet all competition. The Chicago Great Western, a direct line from both Chicago and Minneapolis to Kansas city and the Gulf of Mexico, furnishes another great avenue of commerce, while the Iowa central railway, with its headquarters and general offices located in Marshalltown, connects the Marshalltown shippers with the C. M. & St. P., Illinois Central, B. C. R. & N. and C. B. & Q. systems, besides tapping an enormous territory of its own by means of its many branches.

These unrivalled transportation facilities have built up at Marshalltown a city of 13,000 people and established many thriving industries.

Marshalltown is a beautiful city of homes. It derives its water supply from a system of driven wells, giving



to its citizens an unlimited amount of pure sparkling water. It is now building a system of sewerage filtration that will place it in the lead of all western cities as a city of healthful surrounding. It has eight miles of brick pavements, the finest high school building between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains. Its \$140,000 granite court house, made from Marshall county quarries, is a model of its kind. In the Marshalltown banks are certificate deposits alone of nearly a million dollars looking for profitable investment, and a legitimate enterprise seeking Marshalltown as a location has never yet failed to find the local encouragement to welcome it. Marshalltown invites manufacturing and wholesaling industries, and its citizens are willing and able to invest in them.

It's simply Perfect



OVAL FAIRY SOAP

The oval cake of Fairy Soap is perfection in soap-making. No matter how much you pay for a soap you cannot get anything purer, better, daintier or more convenient for toilet and bath purposes than the oval Fairy and yet the price is only 5 cents a cake. It is used and personally endorsed by the wives of a majority of U. S. Senators and by many other prominent women in this country. Try a cake of oval Fairy and you will be convinced of its excellence, convenience and economy.

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| | 223 The Home of Wm. Cullen Bryant. |

These handsome pictures are by two of America's leading artists, and are the only signed remarque proof Etchings this size published in years. The merit of these pictures cannot be too highly estimated, and it is evident that the artists in this instance have entered fully into the spirit of the subjects, as their work clearly shows. The subjects have been carefully selected and are such that will appeal to the hearts of all lovers of Literature, Poetry and Art, and also suit the prevailing tastes of the general public.

The Retail Price is \$2.50 per Copy. We make the following Special Offer for a brief period for the benefit of our subscribers and readers:

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Any one of these beautiful Etchings will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of accompanying coupon and 18 two-cent stamps, or 36 cents in cash. Any two Etchings will be sent for 70c. Any three for One Dollar, or complete set of 20 for Five Dollars.

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Miss Frothingham tells the story with a power and realism akin to genius.—KATE SANBORN.—The story is exquisitely touching, and is pictured with rare art and delicacy of touch.—Boston Watchman.—As charming an evening's companion as one can find in American literature to-day.—Albany Journal. 7th Printing. \$1.50.

Eugenia Brooks Frothingham

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Will Payne

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Alice Brown

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Lies flat to the leg—never
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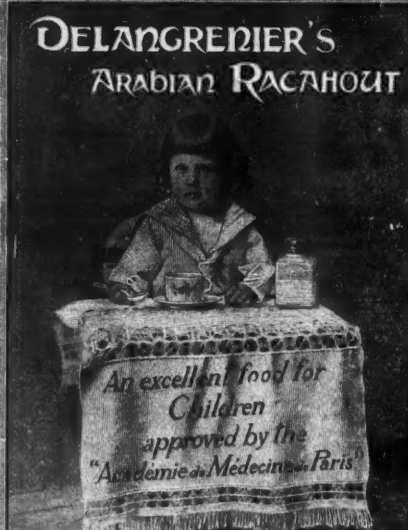
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The
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Automatic
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and you will notice the following about your furnace, stove, or boiler:

**Regular Draft at all times.
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**Perfect ventilation.
Retention of heat in furnace.
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Therefore, greatest economy of fuel and care in operation.**

Prevention of fires burning out on windy nights. A great coal and trouble saver.

Why? Because "The Fowler" Automatic Draft Regulator insures absolute and perfect regulation of draft under all conditions in any heating apparatus on which it is put.

Can be quickly applied even when heater is in use.

All stove dealers have them.

Send your address and that of your stove dealer on a postal. We are sure the reading matter we send you will be interesting.

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? ?

How Many Paid Admissions will
there be to the Pan-American Ex-
position at Buffalo July 4, 1901?

? ?

MAKE A GOOD GUESS

AND GO TO THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION AT OUR EXPENSE

The whole country is now becoming interested in the Pan-American Exposition, which will open its doors in May next at Buffalo, N. Y.

To those who were so fortunate as to see the splendors of the World's Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, the vast progress in science and art and especially the wonders of applied electricity will here be made manifest, while, to all who failed to see that greatest fair of the nineteenth century, this first exhibition of the twentieth century will leave little to regret. It is peculiarly fitting that "The National Magazine" should do its part to make successful this national and international enterprise.

With this end in view, and with a further purpose of offering encouragement to our friends throughout the nation, we have determined to make a grand prize offer, which in its scope and fairness shall as far surpass all former offers of the kind as "The National Magazine" surpasses all its competitors in its features and interesting contents.

? This is
the Question :

How Many Paid Admissions will
there be to the Pan-American Ex-
position at Buffalo July 4, 1901?

Try your skill
at estimating ?

We offer a free railway ticket to and from the Exposition at Buffalo, with a week's expenses to one person from each of the forty-nine states and territories in the Union who makes the nearest correct guess received from his state or territory. Forty-nine people will go to the Pan-American Exposition as our guests. Forty-nine people will stay in Buffalo one week at our expense. The guess we ask you to make is absolutely free. The only stipulation is that you be a subscriber to "The National Magazine," which costs but \$1 per year. This is not a cheap jumbled-word contest, and we do not expect any but those who can afford to subscribe for this most popular, up-to-date, 100-page magazine in America, to answer it. The results will be announced and the winners notified of the date of "The National Magazine" convention, to be held at Buffalo some time in August, and the gathering will include most of the contributors to "The National Magazine" as well as those who succeed in the prize competition. We desire to make it a delightfully profitable outing for all.

Read every word—and read it again

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How Many Paid Admissions will
there be to the Pan-American Ex-
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How Many Paid Admissions will
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FOUR GRAND CASH PRIZES

ADDED TO THE ALREADY GENEROUS OFFER

FIRST PRIZE — A Yearly Income of \$120 per year for Ten Years. To the person sending the most subscriptions before June 15 we will present a yearly income of \$120 per year for ten years. This is a nest egg worth working hard for.

SECOND PRIZE — One Hundred Dollars in Gold. The one sending the next largest list of subscriptions will receive \$100 in gold. This would be a consolation.

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? This is
the Question :

How Many Paid Admissions will
there be to the Pan-American Ex-
position at Buffalo July 4, 1901?

Try your skill ?
at estimating

Look up the attendance at the Columbian and Paris Expositions on July 4th and make your estimate carefully. Remember, that as every subscription entitles you to a guess it is possible for you to win the exposition trip, with expenses, and one or more of the Cash Prizes besides. Now don't go into this blindly. We want you to send in your subscription with your guess right away, but if you are interested and not quite convinced send 10 cents for a sample copy of "The National Magazine," so you can assure yourself that it is worth \$1.00 per year. We will mail you the sample copy, then you can forward us your guess with the full knowledge of subscribing for a worthy publication, even if your guess does not win you the trip, and a cash prize besides. The more subscriptions, the more estimates, and the better chance you have. Is not our proposition to you a fair one. We think so, and if you do you will allow us to record your estimate by sending it to us.

The National Magazine

Prize Competition Editor, 91 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

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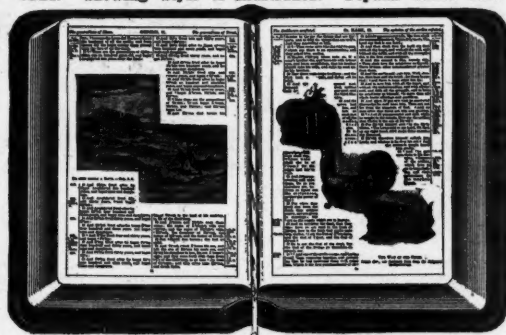
Best, because it presents all the essential special features that give utility to the usual Teachers' Bible, besides others of even greater educational value, that no other bible contains.

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Grand Prize of \$120 per year for ten years.

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STATUARY AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



THE HEART OF THE EXPOSITION

View from south-east of Triumphal Bridge, showing East Mirror Lake, the Triumphal Bridge, the Esplanade, Court of Fountains and buildings surrounding it. Electric Tower in the centre.